★ Feb. 8, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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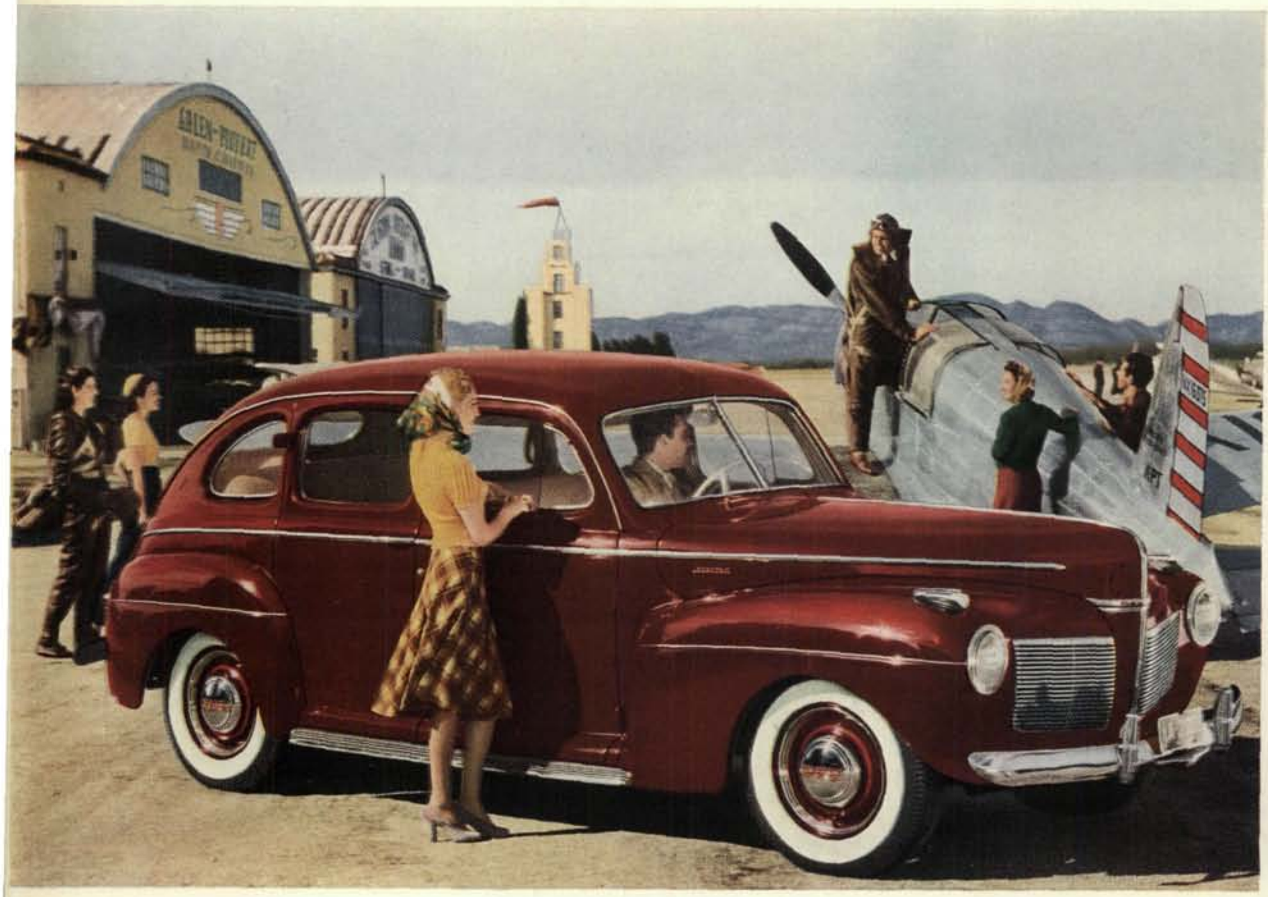

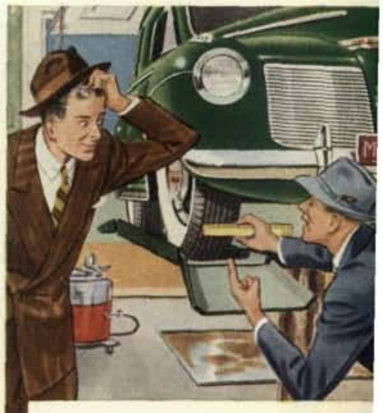

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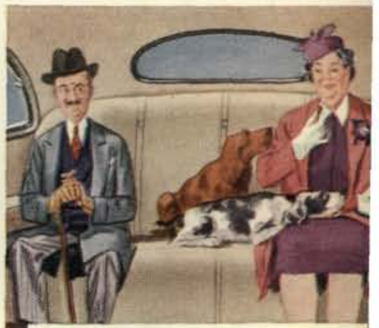

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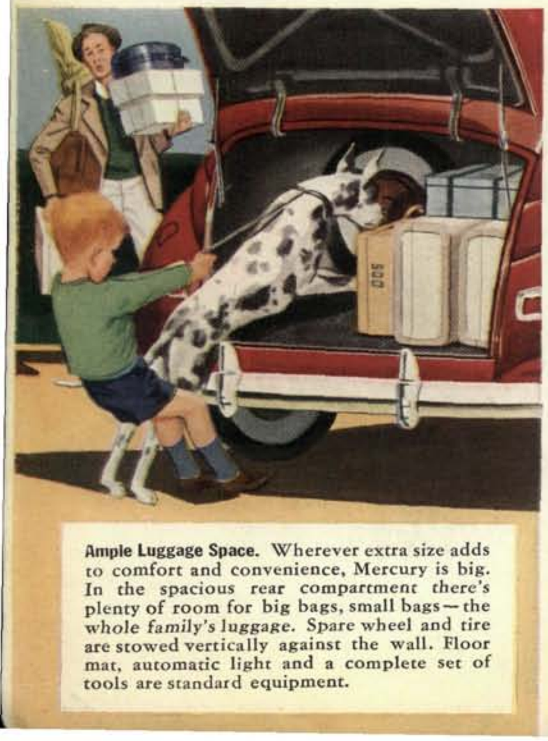
Get Out In Front With This One!

FOLKS WHO buy Mercury are proud of their car because it gets out in front and usually stays there. It's mighty fleet, plenty mule-footed in hard going. The smooth, restful ride on slow-motion springs scores a new high in comfort. We think Mercury is pretty as a picture, inside and out. A bit restrained, of course—not too much dazzle, but clean, flowing lines and a perky "let's go" look. Here's a car without a single "super" something. Just a modern, well-conceived, honestly-built automobile that we believe is the best you can buy for the money. Mercury is amazingly economical too —costs less to own than you probably realize. We'd like to have you drive one and see that we really have brought some new thinking into the automobile business.



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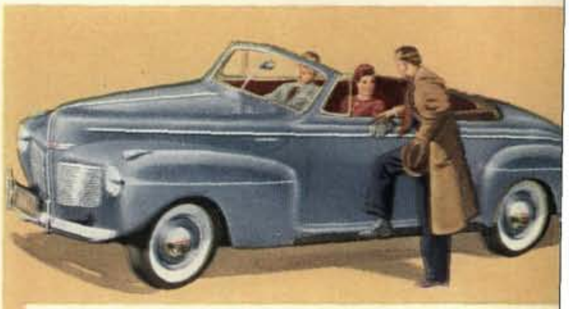

Most Everybody Likes A Convertible, and here's a fine ne Mercury that we think is about the last word in this type o car. Automatic top is electrically operated. Seat cushion and backs are upholstered in genuine hand-buffed leathe —tan, blue, or red. Olive-drab or black fabric top, *optiona* Large luggage compartment. White sidewall tires extr

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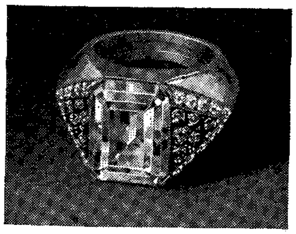

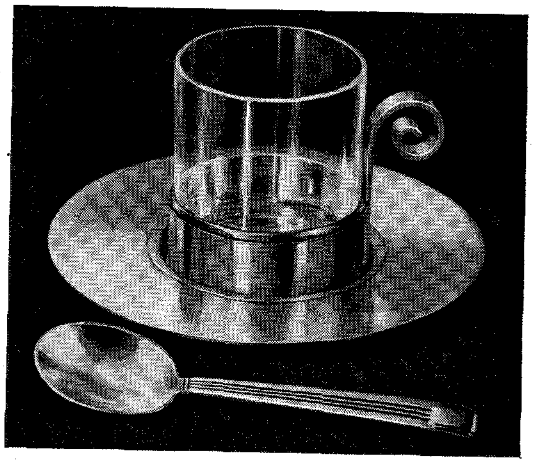

DIAMOND AND RUBY BROOCH WHICH MAY BE DIVIDED FOR USE AS A PAIR OF CLIPS	$3000.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—This relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. The cast of Emlyn Williams' play also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism takes place in an airplane cabin over the Atlantic in Elmer Rice's new play, which sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear in the Playwrights' second production of the season. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—Life in the country discussed by Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart in a way to make your blood run cold. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Feb. 7, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Feb. 13, and Sat.; special Mat. Wed., Feb. 12.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's civilized play about love and dirty work among the lady authors. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire assist. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Wed., Feb. 12, at 2:45.)

Twelfth Night—If somebody really had to dig up this piece of work, Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans were probably the people to do it. Margaret Webster's direction contributes a lot, too. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Liberty Jones—A play by Philip Barry, with John Beal. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tanyard Street—A play by Louis D'Alton, with Barry Fitzgerald, Margo, and Arthur Shields. Produced by Jack Kirkland. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Feb. 6 and 8, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Her strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson's private madhouse seems well on its way to becoming a permanent institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, has got together some of the greatest skaters in the world and turned them loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief, but not enough. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A modest and pleasant revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this winter but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A superior musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Boudoir—A play by Jacques Deval, with Helen Twelvetrees and Taylor Holmes. Staged by Mr. Deval. Opens Thurs., Feb. 6. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Popsy—A play by Fred Herendeen, with Al Shean. Opens Mon., Feb. 10. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A comedy by Francis Swann. Staged by Alexander Kirkland and produced by Mr. Kirkland and William Deering. Opens Tues., Feb. 11. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—A play by Rose Franken, with Frances Starr, Donald Cook, and Olga Baclanova. Staged by Miss Franken and produced by John Golden. Opens Wed., Feb. 12. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Talley Method—A comedy by S. N. Behrman, with Ina Claire and Philip Merivale. Staged by Herman Shumlin and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Sat., Feb. 15. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

The Ballet Theatre—This American group will start its second season with the following programs: "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Gala Performance," Tues. and Wed. Eves., Feb. 11-12. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Bluebird," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 13. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," "Bluebird," and "Goyescas," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13. . . . "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," and "Capricioso," Fri. Eve., Feb. 14. . . . "Capricioso," "Billy the Kid," and "Swan Lake," Sat. Aft., Feb. 15. . . . "Carnaval," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Swan Lake," Sat. Eve., Feb. 15. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:40.)

Argentinita—The Spanish dancer, assisted by her company, in a program of native dances: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 7-8, at 8:40. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—These modern dancers, with a supporting company, are giving a series of programs in their new studio theatre on Sat. and Sun. Eves. at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up last spring. Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Elvira Rios and Patricia Bowman head the show and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band provide the music.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Chauncey Grey's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come, of course, and Ted Straeter's orchestra is still on hand. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—As always, a great favorite with the dine-and-dance crowd. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra, whose specialty is Viennese

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 52, February 8, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

waltzes, plays in the Tapestry Room until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster is back again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Dixie Dunbar is there, and so are Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leighton Noble's orchestra plays in the informal Empire Room, where Yvette sings and Russell Swann makes rabbits disappear. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is informal, too.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Betty Bryant sings nostalgic songs and Spivy herself supplies the more robust numbers. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): likely to be crowded, and justifiably so. Linda Lee sings and there's other entertainment, too. Closed Mon. . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Elsie Houston, the Brazilian singer, heads the bill. No entertainment Mon. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park down below.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by two orchestras, no less. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. The Tisdale Trio is on hand, and there's also an orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye (at the supper hour only), a dance team called Mata and Hari, Roy Fox's orchestra, and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. Beginning Mon., Feb. 10, Jack Gilford will be there at the supper hour. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with the Revuers (except Mon.) and Zutty Singleton's Trio (except Tues.) . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big and glittering place has Joan Edwards, Ann Pennington, Shep Fields' orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with a show which includes Carmen Amaya, a gypsy dancer. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and other entertainers. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington is also active.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins' orchestra, and the Clarence Profit Trio are all on the bill. Hawkins and the Trio take Tues. off. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Marsala's orchestra and Adele Girard moved in here recently. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Benny Carter's orchestra holds forth in this Village landmark nightly, except Mon.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans—Recent paintings by Blume, Spencer, Levi, Kuniyoshi, Karfiol, Schmidt, and Sheeler: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

Braque—Oils, a number of them really important, done between 1920 and 1939: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

British and Americans—A large, rather rambling exhibition, for the benefit of English artists, which contains some interesting things by a number of lesser-known people: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Egyptian art from the first to the tenth centuries A.D. in a comprehensive loan show that offers an unusual study in converging influences. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

Camprubi—Lightly handled, luminous oils, including some attractive child studies: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 12.

Cantú—Oil and tempera paintings of Mexican revolutionary and religious scenes, done in a loosely naturalistic style that's new to this artist: Mayer, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

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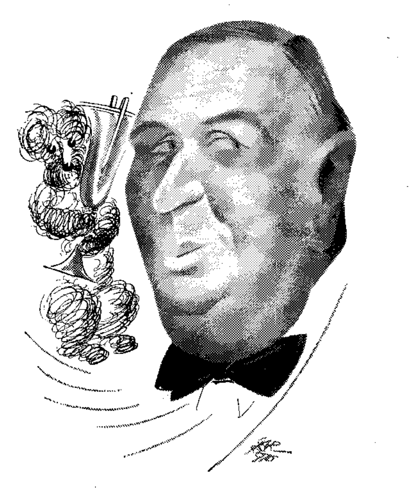


JOHN GRENVILLE BATES,

who will judge Airedale terriers, Irish terriers, and best of sporting breeds at the Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden next week. Up to three years ago he was a leading breeder of fox terriers, one of his dogs winning two consecutive best-in-shows at the Garden. In private life he is chairman of the board of Adolf Gobel, Inc., meat products (including frankfurters).

De Regil and Sanders—Surrealist paintings, glaring in color and lively in conception, by De Regil; witty "psychological portraits" in ink by Sanders: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 17.

El Greco—A loan show, for Greek war relief, of paintings taken mostly from American collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

Europeans and Americans—A fine Dufy and a singular early Matisse are the features of an otherwise random assortment: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

French—At the **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: a nice, early Monet and some attractive Pissarros in a group of Impressionist and post-Impressionist landscapes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: a British War Relief Society benefit showing of landscapes by nineteenth-century French artists, including five excellent Pissarros. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: a spirited Miró leads a good list of paintings by members of the Paris school. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

Hirsch—Large oils, sometimes grandiose, sometimes merely rambling: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 10.

Klee—Forty oils and ten water colors and gouaches: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

Lee—A new group of her quirky, curiously ironic canvases: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 7.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—French painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec in a big loan showing that includes a dozen oils from the Louvre among other important works. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A show of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, including a number of Southwestern scenes and some really ornate new flower studies: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

Religious Art—Prints, water colors, drawings, sculptures, and stained glass, from Rembrandt and Dürer to the present day: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

Schatz—First showing here of oils by a Palestinian painter who, successfully for the most part, pushes expressionism almost to the point of abstractionism: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

Smith—Abstract color prints, done by a complicated new technique that adds considerably to their textural quality: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

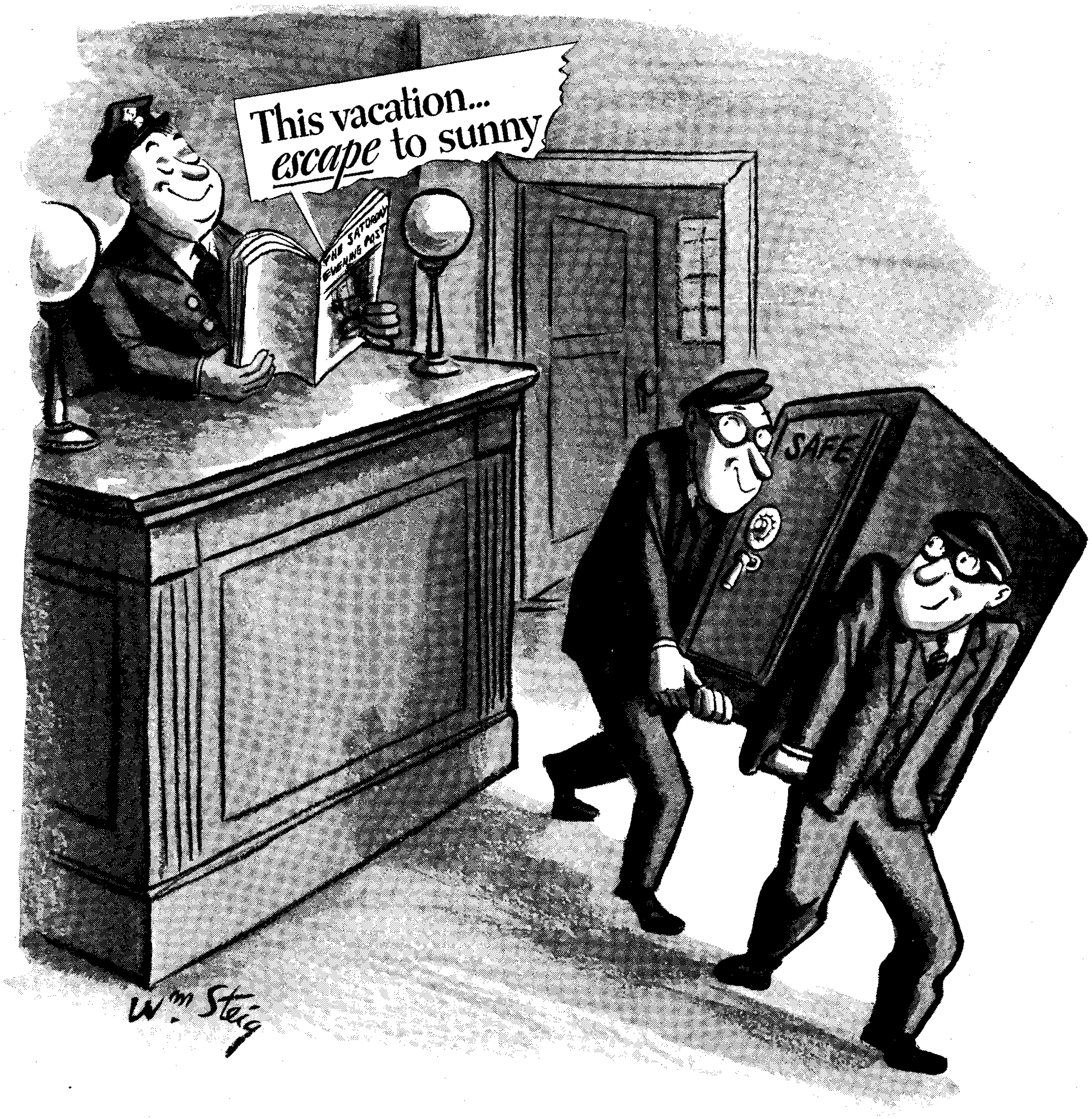
Vlaminck—Early and late paintings, which provide some interesting contrasts: Lilienfeld, 21 E 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8.

Water Colors—An absorbing Eakins portrait in a group that ranges from nineteenth-century to contemporary artists: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big, and this time excellent, annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, drawings, and prints. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Williams—Pleasantly romantic, semi-Impressionist oils, with some very adroit studies of concert-hall scenes among them: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15.

Here and There—At the **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: oils and pastels by Charles Mager. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 22. . . . **A.C.A.,** 52 W. 8: recent paintings by Abraham Harriton. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 8. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of the Society of Women Geographers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: water colors by John Clarkson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 10. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: paintings and drawings by Karin and Ernst Van Leyden. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Peter Hurd. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 24. . . . **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL,** 71 E. 57: paintings by Louis Bosa. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: recent paintings by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: oils and gouaches by James Guy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 15. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: paintings by Saul Schary. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 1. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: group show


This vacation...
escape to sunny
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SAFE
Wm. Steig

You may think Sergeant McGill of the Brrr Precinct ought to have his head examined—allowing such shenanigans in his own station! But experienced advertisers know what's riveting his attention. It's an ad in The Saturday Evening Post—America's favorite place to read advertising. (Which may account for manufacturers awarding the Post—year after year—millions more advertising dollars than any other magazine in the country.)

People pay attention

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

when you put it in the Post

IT'S THIS YEAR'S
Social Success

YOU SEE THEM wherever smart people gather—the brilliant, new low-priced Plymouth "Sportsmen"—and they're right at home!

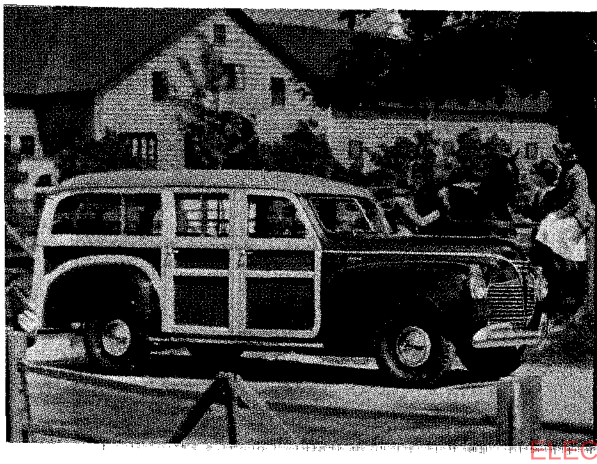
Plymouth brings you new High-Torque engine performance and the extra room and riding comfort of a 117-inch wheelbase—longest of "All 3" low-priced cars. With Plymouth's great power and new power-gearing, you enjoy thrilling new mastery of hills, distance, traffic—with less gear-shifting.

The smart new Convertible Coupe, shown here, has Plymouth's famous power-operated top...red leather seat cushions...comfortable, roomy auxiliary rear seats inside.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

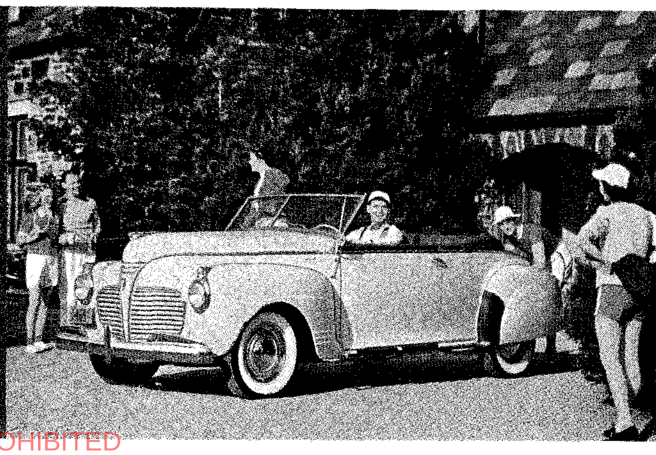
THE HANDSOME PLYMOUTH STATION WAGON (below) is built on the Special DeLuxe chassis. It's an ideal town and country car! Your choice of a natural finish or 2-tone body. Auxiliary seats are removable and interchangeable.

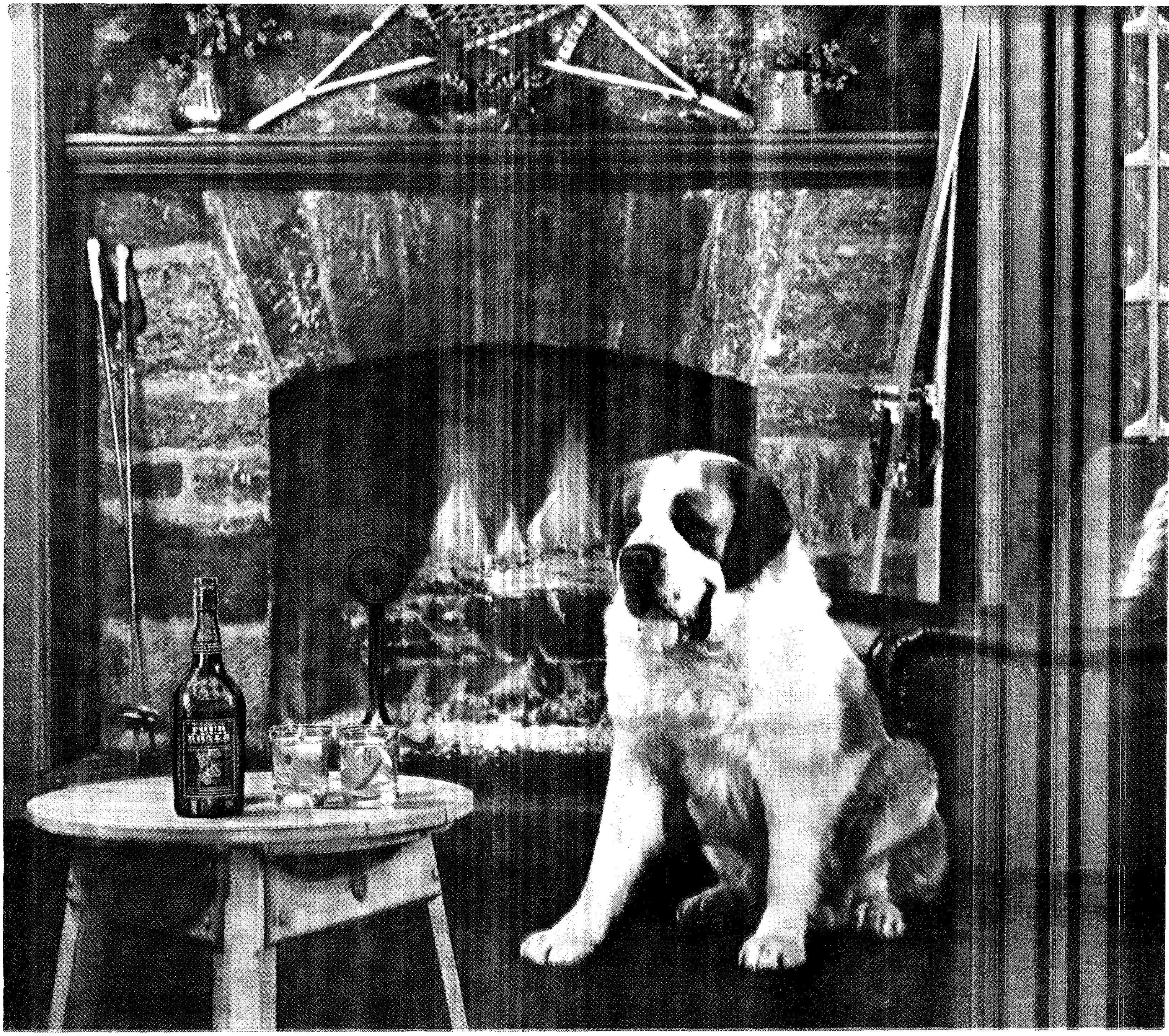
THIS NEW PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE COUPE, with the power-operated top, is the most distinguished car in the low-price field, with the attractiveness, the fittings and tailoring you would expect to find in only a high-priced car.



Plymouth

BUILDS GREAT CARS





The dog that lost his job

A ST. BERNARD'S JOB used to be to trudge through the snowdrifts with his friendly cask to rescue the weary traveler.

Today's St. Bernard sleeps by the fire, while weary travelers, half-frozen skaters, benumbed skiers and ordinary tired business men like you and me, hurry in out of the cold to a Four Roses Hot Toddy—the most magnificent Hot Toddy that ever warmed the cockles of your heart.

To make a Hot Toddy, such as *we're* talking about, you must, of course, have a bottle of Four Roses in the house. So, make certain you have—then follow these simple directions:

Recipe for the world's finest Hot Toddy:

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (*bruise it gently*) . . . a piece of cinnamon . . . and 4 cloves. Now pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . fill glass with steaming hot water . . . carry it with loving care to your favorite chair before the fire . . . and relax!

And as you sip the spicy goodness of this warm and fragrant masterpiece, you'll know at once that today's Four Roses is a whiskey finer than any you have ever known!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated,
Louisville & Baltimore

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of contemporary portraits, for the benefit of British War Relief. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 22. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: drawings and cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall: Walter conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 9, at 3. (Soloists: Hofmann, Feb. 6-7; Schuster, Feb. 8-9.) . . . Barbirolli conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2:30. (Soloist: Francescatti, Feb. 13-14.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., Feb. 15, at 11.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:45. (Soloist: Spalding.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 14, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 15, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:30.

WAR RELIEF BENEFIT—Erika Morini, Charles Kullman, Emanuel List, Risé Stevens, and others will join sixty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony in a concert of Viennese music conducted by Austrian composers: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Weissmann conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45.

DVONCH SYMPHONIETTA—Dvonch conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Ossy Renardy, Mon. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Henri Deering and Francis Macmillen, Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Emanuel Feuermann and Albert Hirsh), Sun. Aft., Feb. 9, at 5:30; Yehudi Menuhin, Wed. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6; "Das Rheingold," Fri. Aft., Feb. 7; "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 15; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Feb. 8; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Feb. 8; "Alceste," Mon. Eve., Feb. 10; "Die Walküre," Wed. Aft., Feb. 12; "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., Feb. 12; "Manon," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13; "Fidelio," Fri. Eve., Feb. 14; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Feb. 15. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance, so it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Billy Soose vs. Ernie Vigh, middleweights, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 6; Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun., Feb. 9; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 13. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Feb. 9, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8.

WINTER CARNIVALS—At Dartmouth, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 7-8. . . . At Princeton, Sat., Feb. 8, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOWS—The Westminster Kennel Club's big annual turnout: Madison Square Garden, Tues., Feb. 11, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Wed., Feb. 12, from 10 A.M. to 11:15 P.M. . . . Associated Terrier Clubs: Grand Central Palace, Sun., Feb. 9, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—This year, along with all the things that hunters and fishermen go in for, there'll be a whole floor of airplanes: Grand Central Palace, starting Sat., Feb. 15; from 12 noon to 11 P.M.

PLANETARIUM—"The End of the World" is the cheerful topic of the February lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

PUBLIC BALLS—The Russian Ball, for the Russian Student Fund: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 10. . . . Canadian Women's Club Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, at 10. . . . The Fiesta Pan-American Ball, for the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., Feb. 10, at 10. . . . The Front Page Ball, put on by the Newspaper Women's Club: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 14, at 10. . . . The Colonial Ball: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., Feb. 15, at 9.

HOLLAND HOUSE—An exhibition of Dutch Colonial heirlooms, ranging from shoemakers' tools and farm implements to pewter, porcelain, and silverware: 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28. For tickets, call CI 5-5615.

SCALE MODELS—Miniature trains, ships, airplanes, and such in the annual show of the New York Society of Model Engineers: 152 W. 42, Fri., Feb. 7, through Sat., Feb. 22. Sat. and holidays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 10 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Early American silver, jewelry, glass, and furniture, belonging to Miss Catharine Van Cortlandt Mathews, Mrs. William V. Mason, William Mitchell van Winkle, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 6-8, at 2. . . . American manuscripts, autograph letters, books, and broadsides, owned by Miss Mathews, Mrs. Mason, and the late Mrs. George P. Blow: Tues. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Fabergé *bibelots,* gold boxes, and French and English furniture and paintings, belonging to Miss E. Alice Austen and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 12-13, at 2.

PLAZA GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—Modern paintings and sculpture, from the Ralph Pulitzer estate, including works by Cassatt, Derain, Eilshemius, and Rodin: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking on a Boy Scouts' anniversary program: Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 7:30, WABC, WEAF, and WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Tristan und Isolde," with Flagstad and Melchior: Sat. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2, WJZ.

RACING—The Santa Anita Derby: Wed. Eve., Feb. 12, at 7:15, WEAF.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC; Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Feb. 15, at 11:05, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Quite a special brand of underworld story, put together by Ben Hecht, with such performers as Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., Feb. 8.)

BACK STREET—Margaret Sullavan at her best as the tragic lady who loved but was not wed—all very teary, but effective. The second screen version to be made of Fanny Hurst's novel. With Charles Boyer, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; opening Tues. Eve., Feb. 11.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A small village in a peacetime France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. French and sprightly and unusual. (World, 153 W. 49.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney takes another hurdle, with the aid of Bach and Beethoven and Stokowski. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty on the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIGH SIERRA—The disastrous career and end of a mean gunman, with Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Feb. 6. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Wed., Feb. 12.)

KITTY FOYLE—Ginger Rogers lending quite a bit of life to the old tale of the beautiful, poor little working girl and of her loves and woes. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues. Aft., Feb. 11.)

THE LETTER—Bette Davis in the famous Somerset Maugham drama of Singapore society, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson. Atmospheric and active. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 8-11.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Spies, the Gestapo, Berlin, and England in another British thriller of the first rank. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison, and altogether something to give you exquisite jitters. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

PASTOR HALL—A balanced and stirring tragedy of the days when German gentlefolk first became aware of what Hitler meant. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 11-13. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 11-14.)

THE WESTERNER—Life on the wild plains, with such a fancy embellishment as Lillie Langtry, as well as plenty of orthodox shooting, guzzling, and the like. With Gary Cooper. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 8-10.)

WORLD IN FLAMES—High and lurid moments in the history of the last ten years. A well-arranged collection of famous newsreel shots. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Feb. 10. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 8-10. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 9-10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 11-12.)

REVIVALS

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war, with Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Feb. 7.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over by Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 9-10.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 11-12.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 11-12.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 7. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Feb. 8.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Early gangster piece. Paul Muni and George Raft. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 6.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 7-9.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 12-14.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—From the Hecht-MacArthur play. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 12-14.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., FEB. 6**: four 1916 Chaplin films. **FRI., FEB. 7**: four 1917 Chaplin films. **SAT., FEB 8**: "The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell. **SUN., FEB. 9**: "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **MON., FEB. 10**: "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **TUES., FEB. 11**: "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **WED., FEB. 12**: "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **THURS., FEB. 13**: "Hands Up," with Raymond Griffith; and "Two Tars," with Laurel and Hardy. **FRI., FEB. 14**: "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **SAT., FEB. 15**: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks.

Heredity and Cancer

by Isaac F. Marcosson

(Member Advisory Council New York City Cancer Committee)

Out of the fear and darkness that so long shrouded cancer has emerged light. It is born of the certain knowledge that this age-old scourge of mankind, well termed Public Health Enemy Number Two, is curable in its early stage. The most heartening document in evidence—historic in cancer annals—is the latest report of the American College of Surgeons which shows a total of 36,087 cured cancer cases throughout the United States.

Nor is this a complete roster and for obvious reasons. For ethical reasons physicians sometimes shy at discussing their cancer cases, while the cured are apt to be equally reticent. In 1932 the American College of Surgeons began to break down this personal and professional reticence. That year the College conducted a symposium on "Cancer is Curable" at its annual clinical congress in St. Louis. Thirty eminent surgeons who had operated in some of the most famous hospitals in the country reported 8,840 cured cases, with no recurrence five or more years after the operation. These cures were all made possible by early diagnosis and treatment through one, or all, of the only accredited agencies; surgery, X rays, and radium. When early cancer is surgically removed, it is not likely to recur at all if there is no evidence of it after two years. The five year period was set as a safety cycle.

The fact that the American College of Surgeons' list of cured cancer cases has grown from 8,840 to 36,087 indicates how wide has become the conquest of the disease which for many years had been regarded as impregnable against any kind of surgical assault. It shows too that people who have had cancer are not averse to talking about it and being enlisted as animate exhibits of what early treatment can achieve.

This emancipation has led to the formation of the Cured Cancer Club, unique among American groups. The founder typifies all that the new attitude towards cancer means. She is Dr. Anna C. Palmer of Milton, Mass. In 1920 she was operated on for cancer of the breast. To-day at 84, she is spry and chipper; does her own cooking and housework, and finds time to function as Vice Commander of the Massachusetts Division of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

The Cured Cancer Club is open to any one vouched for by his physician as having been cured of cancer for at least five years before the application for membership is filed. The applicant need only subscribe to the statement; "I am willing to be known publicly as a cured cancer patient."

This legion of the cancer redeemed is a living rebuke to the old fear that the disease cannot be cured. This fear is full mate to the obsession that cancer is contagious or infectious. It is neither. You can no more "catch" cancer than you can acquire the shape of some one's nose or the color of his hair.

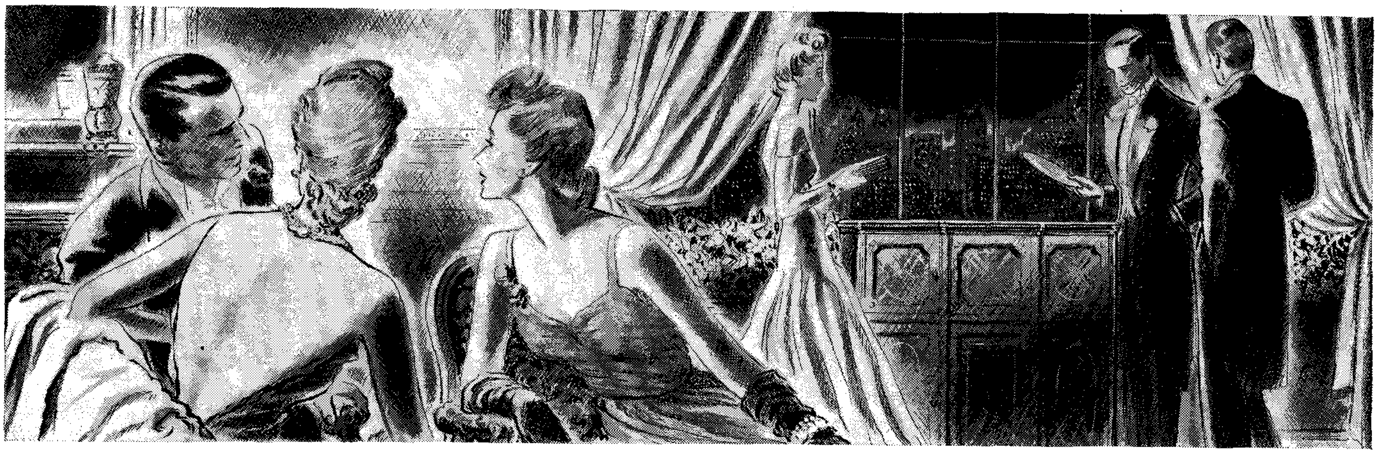
One of the greatest advances in cancer research relates to heredity, which has also caused a vast amount of needless fear. What is called "inherited cancer susceptibility" does not mean that a person whose parents have had cancer will inevitably have it. It does mean, however, that where parents or relatives have had the disease in a particular organ, the individual should be constantly on the alert for symptoms that might indicate the presence of cancer in that organ. This is particularly true of cancer of the breast. Studies in heredity have proved that in human beings, the processes and influences of heredity in causing cancer are so complex that it is unnecessary for the individual to regard it as a personal problem. Summed up, cancer is not hereditary as such. People inherit a susceptibility to it in certain organs.

All this means that for the cancer-ridden there now exists new hope and a new freedom embraced in the slogan; "Early Cancer is Curable. Fight it With Knowledge".

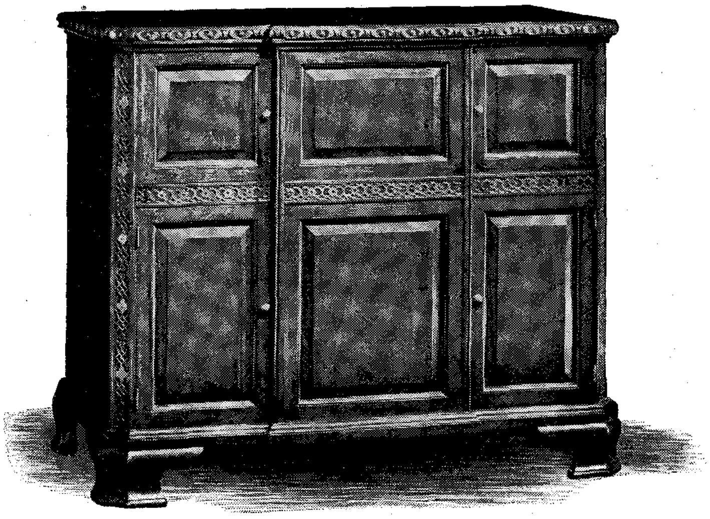
Those wishing free pamphlets on cancer control or those who are interested in supporting the fight against cancer may secure full information by writing to the

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER, INC.

350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



There Are Two Sides to Every Record



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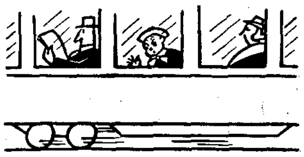
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

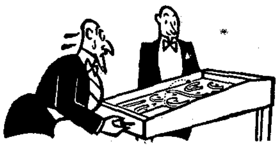
EVERY year we go into the months of February and March with the same feeling of gloom and despair. It is the way we felt as a child when the Long Island trains suddenly dipped into their tunnel under the East River on their way to Pennsylvania Station—a chilly plunge into the long darkness, with the blood singing in our ears and sweat on our palms and never much hope of reaching Thirty-fourth Street alive. We can remember long, mysterious halts in the middle of the river when there was only an eggshell of steel and concrete between us and all the water in the Atlantic. We used to invent a thousand catastrophes—a nudge from one of those sharp keels overhead and then the water roaring and boiling against the windows; an explosion of deadly gas (in those days everybody knew that the tunnel was full of fumes only waiting for a spark); a head-on collision, hurling the cars through the walls of the tube as if they were paper. As we've said, it's always been the same way with the melancholy and dangerous journey through the next two months; we've never really hoped to see the spring. This year the chances for us and the world seem even more negligible than usual. The tunnel is darker than it ever was, the gas much thicker, and the walls are leaking like a sieve. God knows what's ahead on the track.



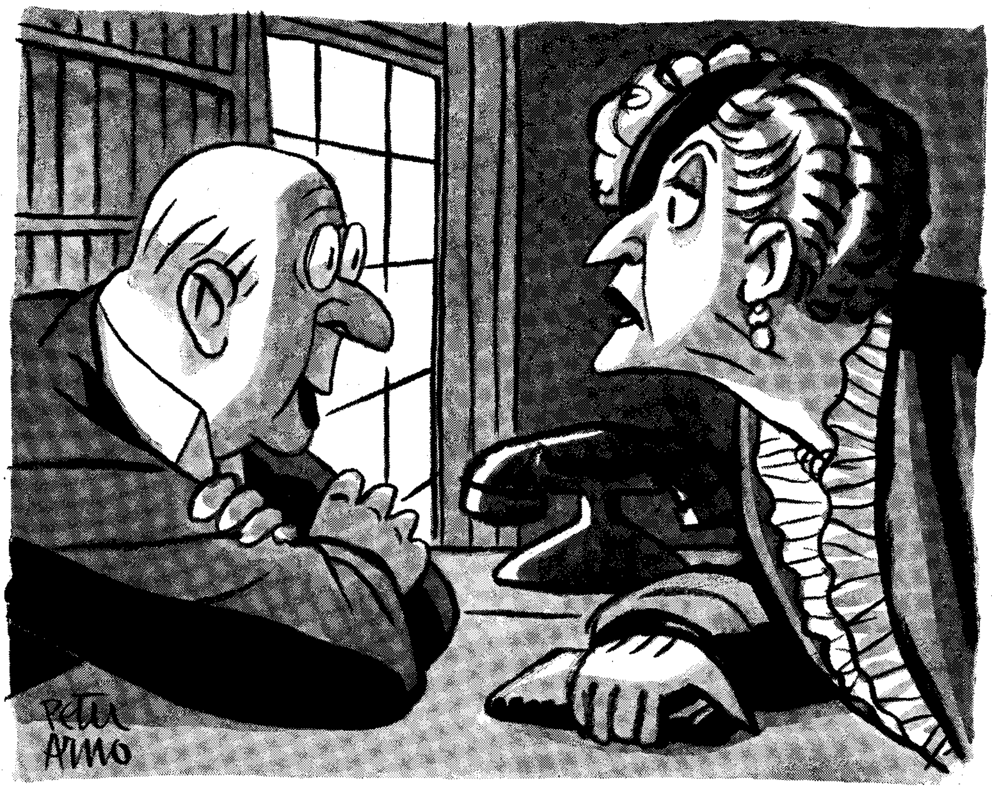
WE were brought up to think of engineers as rather direct and rational men, but after what happened up at a place called Kerhonkson, New York, we're not so sure. As you probably know, they've been building an aqueduct down to New York from a reservoir in the Catskills—something like a hundred and ten miles, and a long way to go just to get water, if you ask us. Well, finally they came to Kerhonkson, eighty miles from the city, and there, by golly, seven hundred feet down in the bedrock, they hit an underground river. It was quite a river, too. The first drill that broke through into it shot back like a bullet, knocking the driller down, and pretty soon water was pouring into the aqueduct at the rate of three million gallons a day.

Anybody might suppose that this would be so much velvet, water being what the boys were after in the first place, but apparently that isn't the way the engineering mind works. For six months now everybody has been trying to figure out how to dam up this adjacent source so that the faraway supply can get through. An especially interesting point about the whole thing is that the river is actually on its way to the reservoir and will simply have to turn around and come back to Kerhonkson again. This little loop of about sixty miles is going to cost the contractor a million dollars. Everything, however, will be in order and as specified in the original plans. As a triumph of expensive and superfluous effort, it almost seems worthy of the law.

MRS. GEORGE EARLE, wife of the Minister to Bulgaria, went on record some days ago as denying that her husband had won her Christmas present, an emerald ring, in a pin-ball game with King Boris. This rumor, it seems, had originated when the news got around that Mr. Earle had taken a pin-ball machine to Bulgaria with him. Unlike those confirmed cynics, the newspaper reporters, we believe every word of this denial and are sure that Mr. Earle buys and pays for all the jewelry he gives his wife. However, we are very glad to hear about his pin-ball machine, because it clears up some things about European diplomacy that had been puzzling us. Where we were misled, we see now, was in thinking of modern diplomacy in outmoded terms of green-baize tables and banquets of state. Having had an experience or two with pin machines ourself, we understand perfectly the plight of a frantic diplomat, his spade beard dripping perspiration and his starched collar loosened, as he watches the malevolent little ball hurtle past all the colored lights while he tosses a Danube Basin after a Polish Corridor. Diplomacy of that sort, we feel, is bound to be somewhat haphazard. So many startling diplomatic successes and failures suddenly seem logical and even inevitable to us—a touch of extra pressure on the plunger, a shade too much resiliency in a spring. It is momentarily comforting to forget about the self-determination of small nations and think of Woodrow Wilson as the man who went to Europe without a pin-ball machine.



WHEN Quentin Reynolds popped up, unwounded and in person, as part of the stage show at the Strand, we began to wonder whether any war correspondent of an earlier day had leaped direct from the rubble to the variety footlights. It's old hat, we know, for gossip columnists, explorers, aviatrices, and lovely murderesses to choose the velvet drapes and baby spots of the vaudeville stage rather than the Ionic columns and glasses of water of the lecture platform, but we can't recall that Richard Harding Davis, even in his most expansive moments, ever joined the soft-shoe dancers at Hammerstein's or that Mary Roberts Rinehart ever took next-to-



"Let's put it this way, Mrs. Quigley—we mustn't underestimate your nuisance value to Mr. Quigley."

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closing (just before the men with the Indian clubs) at the Palace. Perhaps, however, it's not such a bad idea; perhaps every noncombatant, returning from the wars, should be given his little moment, his loud ta-daa.

Next Week: Ralph Ingersoll in "Pertinent Patter." Coming Soon: Wendell Willkie (The Act Beautiful) in "How I Spent My Vacation."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: An elevator in a public garage on West Fifteenth Street bears on its wall a sign reading, calmly, as follows: "In the Event of Anything Unusual Occurring in This Elevator, Will the Operator Please Get Off at the Nearest Floor and Use the Other Elevator?"

Until recently Ames, Iowa, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, had 600 flourishing women's clubs. Now there are 601, the We-Need-A Club having come into being.

On Third Avenue there is a Minute Tavern, so called because it is at the corner of Sixty-second Street.

Staff Work

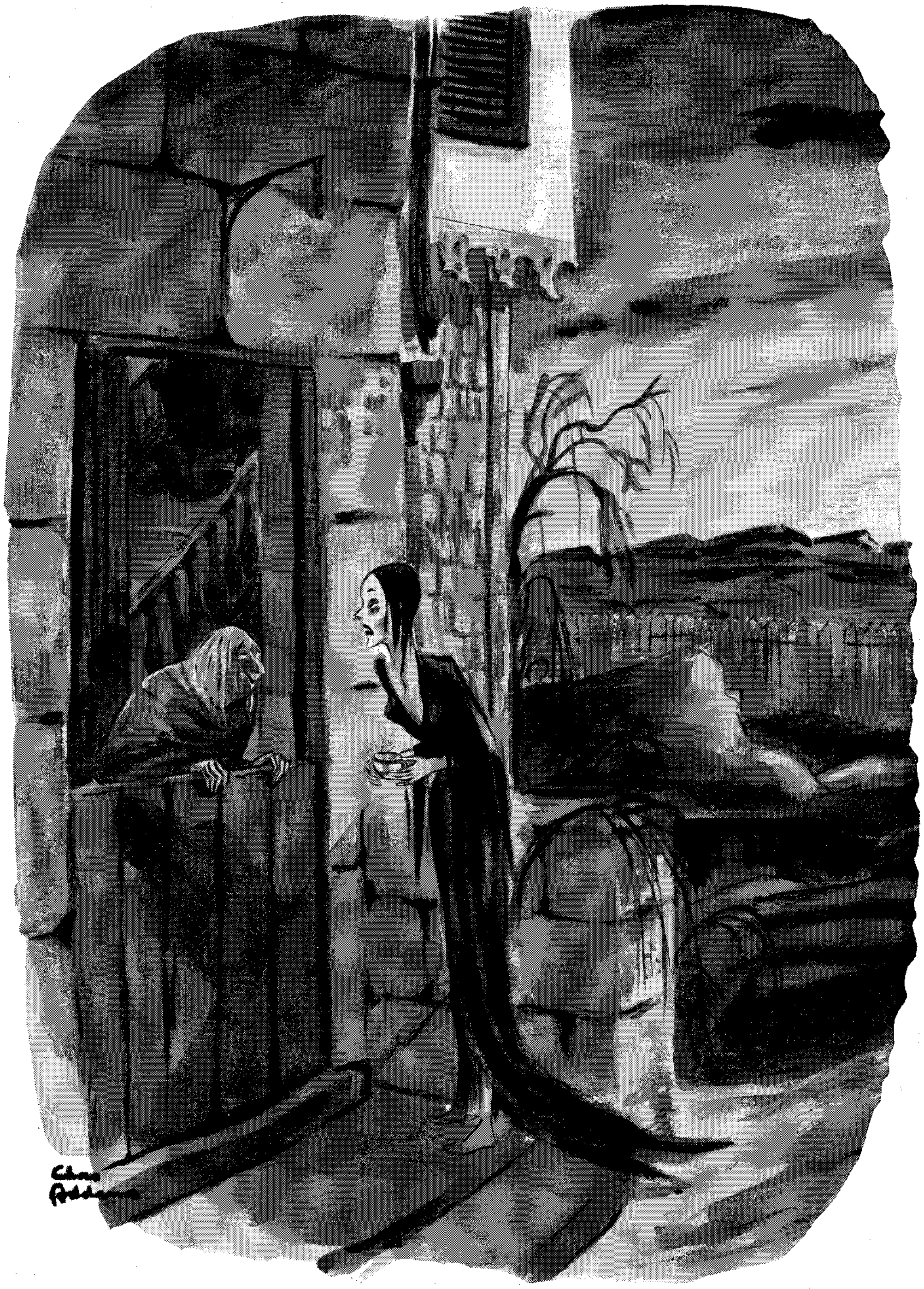
THE Staff Club, the organization of domestics employed in some of the more substantial homes of the city which will hold its annual ball at the Commodore next week, was founded five years ago under the leadership of Beney, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee's butler. It is a real social club, with rooms on the second floor at 10 East Fifty-second Street. We will treat of this organization gingerly, feeling poignantly that each winter its so-called Butlers' Ball brings a certain fraction of the daily press to its year's low in tinhorn, patronizing, maudlin snobbery. Eighty per cent of the members of the club, who total three hundred and fifty, chiefly butlers and maids, are by birth English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, and the profits of their party this year will be used to purchase a mobile field kitchen for the British War Relief Society. In addition, $1,350 worth of twenty-five-cent chances on an ambulance are being sold to members, with the stipulation that the winner will donate the vehicle to Britain. To take the sting out of coldly turning over a $1,350 prize, the winner may, if he wants, have his name inscribed on the ambulance.

During the past several months the club's members have become old hands at good works. A number of them have been of notable assistance to the British War Relief Society Shop at 6 East Fifty-seventh Street, which became a bookstore for a few weeks last fall and offered tea, sandwiches, and autographing authors to promote sales. The ladies in charge faced a crisis one afternoon when more than a hundred tea-drinkers showed up and swamped them. Mrs. Donald Mixsell, one of the committee in charge, recalled that the Staff Club had made a generous contribution to British War Relief and, in a letter that came with it, had offered to help in any way possible. She telephoned the club and presented her problem, with the result that a few days later, when the shop held a sale of flowers, Peacock, Miss Anne Morgan's butler and secretary of the club, took charge of the daily teas. He was always assisted by four other butlers and two maids, and employed a tea set lent by Black, Starr & Gorham, and served cakes donated by Dean's and sandwiches made in a back office beforehand by his staff. Peacock, whose mistress was abroad then, had a different group of assistants every day, including the Vincent Astors' Brooks, the Horace Gallatins' Radcliffe, the Arthur Curtiss Jameses' Shrewing, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Taylor's Marsh, and Mrs. Starr Miller's Mede, who is seventy-three and the oldest member of the club. The flower sale lasted a week and netted $3,000. "I could have had fifty helping me every day," said Peacock. "Everyone wanted to do their bit."

The week before Christmas the British War Relief Society ran a Christmas fair, and the Staff Club took this over for one night, in the rôle of both host and guest. Booths stocked with food, cosmetics, toys, lingerie, and so on were run by sixteen of the club's women members and patronized by several hundred invited domestics, Staff Club members and others. Beney, who was the first president of the club and still is president, supervised a sideshow which included a dart game (three darts for a quarter to throw at balloons painted with the faces of Hitler and Mussolini), and Miss Margaret Shelford, the Henry Phippses' housekeeper and ranking Staff Club poetess, disposed of forty dollars' worth of two of her poems, "Victory" and "Airplane Shelter," at ten cents a copy. Profits that night came to $1,700.

The quarters of the Staff Club consist of a game room, a lounge, and a bar. Male members pay a five-dollar iniper. She was presented at the age of a few weeks to Mrs. Morris, then Estelle Frelinghuysen, who loves opera and named her, roughly, after Rosa Ponselle. Her listing in the *Social Register* was entirely impulsive. When Mrs. Morris was filling out the blank for the summer edition one spring day in 1936, she came to a section marked "Juniors." At that moment Rose nudged her ankle, and she said, "All right, Rose, I'll put you in too," and did so, without thinking about the matter twice. That August, she and her husband were in Sopra Bolzano, a village in the Dolomites, with a New York friend, Miss Constance Sullivan. Sitting at a café with her one afternoon, Mrs. Morris fished out a copy of the Paris *Herald*, glanced at a headline on the first page, and said, "Some woman in New York has put her dog in the *Social Register*." "Yes," said Miss Sullivan, a girl who reads fast. "It's you." Mrs. Morris had forgotten about her entry. While Mrs. Morris was telling us about this, her husband, an abstract painter, joined us and added that since her expulsion from the *Register*, Rose has travelled a great deal. "Rose is the only Pekinese that's ever seen Hitler and Mussolini at the same time," he said. Rose was in Rome in 1938, when Hitler visited Mussolini, and she saw both men in a public square. She turned away at once. She took a great fancy to the Pope of the Coptic Church, however, whom she met around the same time. She has visited France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and Cuba. She had a misunderstanding in Havana with an immigration official who kept trying to stamp an entry card that was tied to her collar. Rose thought he was merely being friendly and kept shaking hands with him. She has also been in New Mexico, and since the war has spent her summers at Lenox, where she occasionally calls on A. E. Gallatin, the painter and collector, at the Lenox Club. She and Gallatin exchange Christmas cards. Mr. Morris has done her portrait twice, once in oils and once in collage, using Chinese money, which he considers appropriate for a Pekinese.

Rose sleeps in her mistress's bedroom, in a rattan hut imported from Libya. She likes smelly cheese, going to the Trans-Lux, and playing with abstract painters who come to see the Morrises. Her wardrobe includes a raincoat, several collars, five sweaters, and several Spanish hats. Although she has one bad eye, she can spot a Boston terrier five blocks away; she thinks this breed is a bastard form of Pekinese and howls with contempt when she sees one. Her only other aversion is a grandnephew owned by Mrs. Newbold Morris, Sr. She is as imperturbable about her expulsion from the *Social Register* as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was when he disappeared from this book the year before.



"May I borrow a cup of cyanide?"

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Weather Report

WE should think that the Southern California Chamber of Commerce at its next meeting would draft a stiff memo to the Hollywood radio station which permitted one of its studio announcers to say, near the end of a recent program advertising cold tablets, "Well, folks, before I put on my galoshes and go out into this cold, snowy night . . ."

THE ARCHIMANDRITE'S NIECE

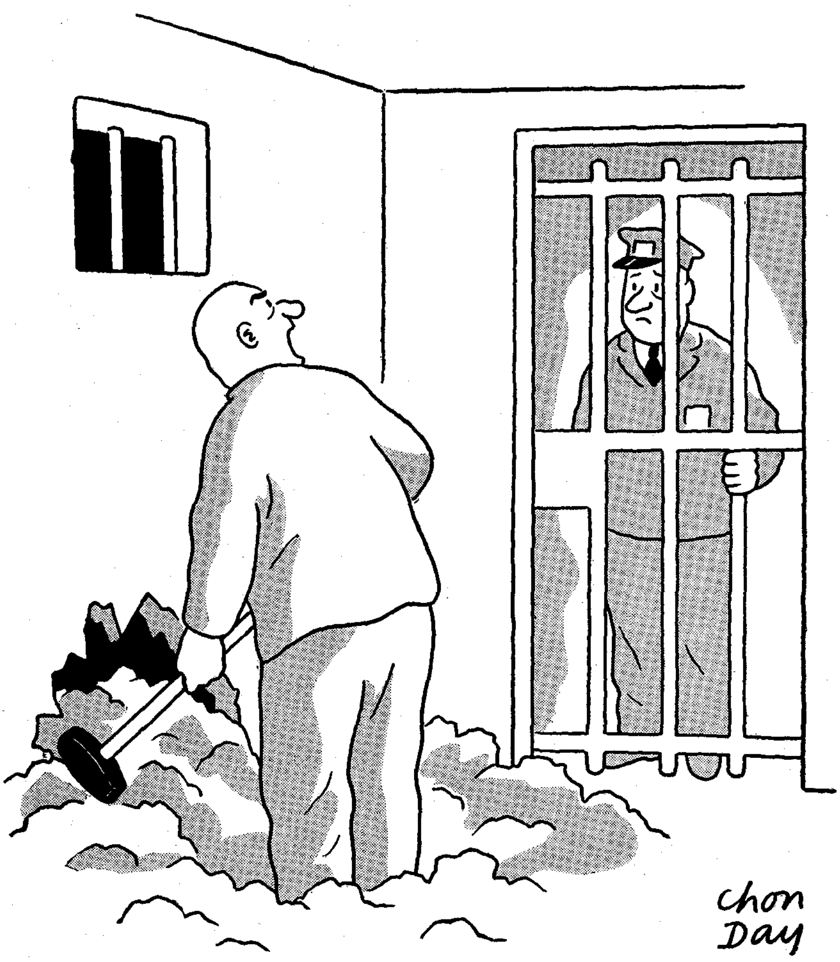
OLD Mr. Devore stood in front of one of the windows of his office and gazed out at the heavy fog which encompassed the towers of Pine Street. He would have denied at any time, but particularly on this dreary morning, that his professional life was informed with color, and would have insisted that this was not a matter for regret. The beauty of the law, Mr. Devore had often remarked to Miss Deevey, as well as to many lesser employees, was the beauty of its codified orderliness.

Now the fog was blurring the lights across the street and turning them into sulphur-yellow splotches in the gray waste. Mr. Devore's office, while as orderly as even he could wish, was hardly more cheerful than the haze beyond. As Miss Fannie Devore must have decided when she was choosing the fabric for her bachelor brother's window draperies, anything that bordered on the frivolous would be out of keeping with the austerity that prevailed throughout the temple of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore, within which the lawyers carefully prepared Delphic advice for the nervous corporations which approached them for counsel. Mr. Devore was awaiting a Mme. Liapchev, the protégée of an important client.

The day before, Mrs. Herbert Kraft had talked to him eagerly and incoherently on the telephone for twenty-three minutes about the difficulties that beset a woman she knew. A charming person, she said, and one whom Mr. Devore was sure to admire and pity. Mrs. Kraft had gone on in this strain for some time, until Mr. Devore had begun to wonder just what minor infraction of the law the friend could have committed. He had heard similar preambles before.

"You say she is in a serious predicament and is having trouble with the authorities?"

"With the State Department. Didn't I mention that? And it isn't Mme. Liapchev herself who is having trouble. At least, she is, but only indirectly. It's a member of her family. I haven't been able to grasp the situation very clearly myself, but she'll explain everything to you. I'd like to send her down to your office tomorrow. She's visiting us for a while. Tomorrow *will* be all right, won't it? And please try to do something for her, for my sake."



"I know what you're thinking, but I'm going to clean it all up."

"Of course!" Mr. Devore had said warmly. The Herbert Krafts could, and did, set him whatever tasks they chose, and for an excellent reason. Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore enjoyed a substantial annual retainer for representing Mr. Kraft's various enterprises.

THE morning was well under way when Miss Deevey announced, with something of a sniff, that Mme. Liapchev was calling. Mr. Devore, astutely comprehending that the sniff meant something like "I hope you're not going to fritter away the whole morning," said in a warning tone that the visitor was a friend of Mrs. Herbert Kraft and that he would see her at once.

A distinctly handsome woman came into the room. She wore black, and her manner was impressive. She was a frowningly majestic brunette, in the forties, perhaps, and not unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Devore rose and bowed courteously.

"I am Helena Nicolaevna Liapchev," she said, and they shook hands.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Devore. "I am always very happy to be of service to a friend of Mrs. Kraft's."

"God will comfort you," she said. "God will wash and refresh your soul!"

Mr. Devore was startled. His relationship with God, while correctly Episcopalian, had never been intimate. He felt toward God much as he felt toward his friends the H. Chauncey Folgers. He made a point of paying a formal call on God once or twice a year, just as he made a point of paying one or two formal calls on the Folgers. It was inconceivable that either Chauncey Folger or God would ever try to wash and refresh his soul.

"I can tell," he said, recovering as quickly as he could from his discomfiture, "I can tell from your very charming accent that you are Russian."

"You are mistaken. I am Bulgar. My husband was Bulgar, and I am obliged to have his nationality."

"Er—yes, I see," Mr. Devore said politely. "Then—ah—what *are* you? I mean, what are you by *birth?*"

"I am Slavonian," she said with pride.

"Or perhaps you are accustomed to say Slovenian?" Mr. Devore responded with a vague smile. "I was born a Prebičević, in the town of Koprivinica in Croatia-Slavonia," Mme. Liapchev went on. Then her expression darkened for a moment. "My mother was Hercegovinian. I did not love my mother."

Helen E. Hokinson

"Dear, I wish you'd say something nice to Victoria. I'm afraid she's catching a cold."

Mr. Devore tried to picture in his mind a detailed map of the Balkans, but became confused.

"My father's family was devoted to the Church," Mme. Liapchev said suddenly. "It gave many brilliant men to the Church. That is why my uncle is in such trouble. He never should have joined the Church. He should have become a political leader, but his father commanded him to turn to a spiritual life. His problem might have been even worse, of course. He might have risen in the hierarchy instead of in a brotherhood. Imagine how terrible if he had become a metropolitan or even a patriarch and then permitted his political enthusiasms to appear! He would have drawn much more attention to himself than he does as an archimandrite. But you must not misunderstand me"—Mr. Devore was trying harder than ever not to—"he should never have gone so far as to become what he is now. He certainly should not have become an archimandrite. A hegumenos, perhaps, but no more. He should have asked to be allowed to remain the Hegumenos of Enos. It is quite a small monastery, but so nice, so charmingly situated, and the gardens are very attractive. The altitude is high, and the water agrees with him. The water at St. Methodius does not agree with my uncle. It gives him—what is the word for it? I am not sure what the word for it is. It gives him—"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Devore said hastily. "I know. I quite understand. I had a similar affliction myself in—ah—Pittsburgh."

"It is unthinkable that the Archimandrite of St. Methodius should undertake political activities in Slavonia. The Hegumenos of Enos, yes. That would have excited comparatively little comment, but the Archimandrite of St. Methodius, no!"

"No?" Mr. Devore said, looking at her in wonder.

"When I was a young girl in Koprivinica, it would have been preposterous even to imagine such a thing," Mme. Liapchev said. "And now he has disappeared! I have written to the brotherhood, and the brotherhood has sent me a beautiful and touching reply. It is as ignorant of my uncle's whereabouts as I am. It is supposed that he is in Croatia-Slavonia. He had been contemplating such a visit. I should explain that he habitually carried papers which permitted him to enter Yugoslavia from St. Methodius. St. Methodius is in the Florina province, which is to say northwestern Greece, perhaps forty kilometres east of Albania."

"Ah, yes, northwestern Greece," said Mr. Devore, dazed by the variety of regions that had to be taken into account. "Forty kilometres east of Albania." He began to scribble on a memorandum pad. "This *was* what you wanted to see me about, wasn't it—the disappearance of this gentleman?"

"Certainly."

"Who, as I understand it, went *from* Greece *to* Yugoslavia?"

"To Croatia-Slavonia," Mme. Liapchev corrected him. "It is the only part of Yugoslavia to which one would care to go. In Serbia there are merely swine. I would go so far as to say that my uncle did not even go to Croatia. You can depend upon it—he went to Slavonia."

"You have not yet told me your uncle's name," Mr. Devore said, holding his pencil over the pad.

"His name is Cyril. The family name, as I believe I said, is Prebičević, but my uncle is now known simply as the Archimandrite of St. Methodius."

Mr. Devore could not help feeling that Cyril was a deceptively mild name for so troublesome an uncle, but he was glad to record at last a piece of information that was easy to spell. He had doubts about his rendition of a number of the words in his visitor's deposition. When he looked up, he noted with regret that Mme. Liapchev seemed about to grow fervent again. There was a return of the inspired expression which he had seen when she had commended him to God.

"Who knows what may have happened to him by now?" she said with a musical quaver. "The Drave Banovina should be searched!"

"I presume you are speaking of a river?" Mr. Devore said, feeling strangely divided between irritation and sympathy.

"Certainly not!" She dropped the inspired expression and manifested a certain impatience. "I am speaking of the district that comprises what we know as Old Slavonia. Forgive me"—she became gentle once more, and there was an alarmingly intimate quality in her voice when she was gentle—"I make the mistake of supposing that you are acquainted with my country, do I not? There are nine *banovinas.*"

"Nine?" said Mr. Devore, going into a kind of trance.

"I feel sure that he is going around the countryside of the Drave Banovina, criticizing all the politicians who are not to his taste and telling the people to do dangerous things. My uncle has a habit of speaking so recklessly! On certain occasions he has been mistaken for a madman."

Mr. Devore pulled himself togeth-

THE POSTMAN'S BELL IS ANSWERED EVERYWHERE

God and the devil in these letters,
stored in tin trunks, tossed in wastebaskets,
or ticketed away in office files:
love, hate, and business, mimeograph sheets, circulars,
bills of lading, official communiqués,
accounts rendered. Even the anonymous letter says,
Do not forget.

And in that long list, Dean Swift to Stella,
Walpole to Hannah More, Carlyle to Jane—
and what were Caesar's "Gallic Wars" other than letters
of credit for future empire?
Do not forget me.
I shall wear laurels to face the world;
you shall remember the head in bronze,
profile on coin.

As the bell rings, here is the morning paper and more letters,
the post date 10 P.M. "It is an effort
for me to write; I have grown older.
I have two daughters and a son, and business prospers,
but my hair is white; why can't we meet for lunch?
It has been a long time since we met;
I doubt if you would know me if you glanced quickly
at my overcoat and hat, and saw them vanish
in a crowded street. . . ."

Do not forget. . . . "Oh, you must not forget
you held me in your arms while the small room
trembled in darkness; do you recall the slender, violet
light between the trees next morning through the park?
Since I'm a woman, how can I unlearn
the arts of love within a single hour,
how can I close my eyes before a mirror,
believe I am not wanted, that hands, lips, breast
are merely deeper shadows behind the door
where all is dark? . . ."

Or, "Forgive me if I intrude; the dream I had
last night was of your face; it was a child's face,
wreathed with the sun's hair, or pale in moonlight,
more of a child than woman; it followed me
wherever I looked, pierced everything I saw,
proved that you could not leave me, that I am always
at your side. . . ."

Or, "I alone am responsible for my own death." Or,
"I am White, Christian, Unmarried, 21." Or, "I am happy
to accept your invitation." Or, "Remember that evening at the
Savoy-Plaza?" Or, "It was I who saw the fall of France."

As letters are put aside, another bell
rings in another day; it is, perhaps, not too late to remember
the words that leave us naked in their sight,
the warning,
"You have not forgotten me;
these lines were written by an unseen hand
twelve hours ago. Do not reply at this address; these are the last
words I shall write."

—Horace Gregory

• •

er. "I infer that your uncle is a highly imprudent person," he said. "We have men like that in this country, thanks to the extraordinary liberties which prevail here. Your uncle evidently uses the Church as a cloak for radicalism."

Mme. Liapchev was shocked. "*Radicalism? He is a conservative!* He was the first to demand vengeance after the Skupština tragedy!"

Mr. Devore felt that it was time for him to assert himself. "I'm afraid I don't know anything about the—ah—the Skupština tragedy," he said firmly.

"You don't remember it? You don't remember Puniša Račić? He fired on the Croat deputies in the Skupština. Račić was a Montenegrin radical. Oh, it was too shocking! I shall never forget it. No one in Slavonia will ever forget it, in spite of the fact that the Croats are unbelievably inferior to the people of the Drave Banovina. At least, the deputies were not Serbs! It would have been so much better if they *had* been!"

"Quite so. And now to return to the matter we were discussing." He had no intention of enduring any more of these complications, not even for Mrs. Herbert Kraft's sake. "Perhaps he has some close friends to whom you could write."

"Friends?" Mme. Liapchev seemed to consider this a novel idea. She pondered the suggestion for a few moments and then said, "I believe there is a Dr. Hrdla in Moravia. Unless my uncle has quarrelled with him. My uncle quarrels with everyone. But Moravia—can one send letters to Moravia these days? I do not think so. No, there is no close friend to whom I could write."

"Perhaps our own State Department could help you," Mr. Devore said. Then he remembered it was with the State Department that she was supposed to be having trouble. He gave her a puzzled look.

"The State Department!" she said with scorn. "They are stupid there. They told me I was not to bother them any more. They told me I must not come back!"

Mr. Devore understood perfectly. "When your uncle goes into"—he hesitated, but decided to be independent of geographical niceties—"into Yugoslavia, does he visit anyone in particular?"

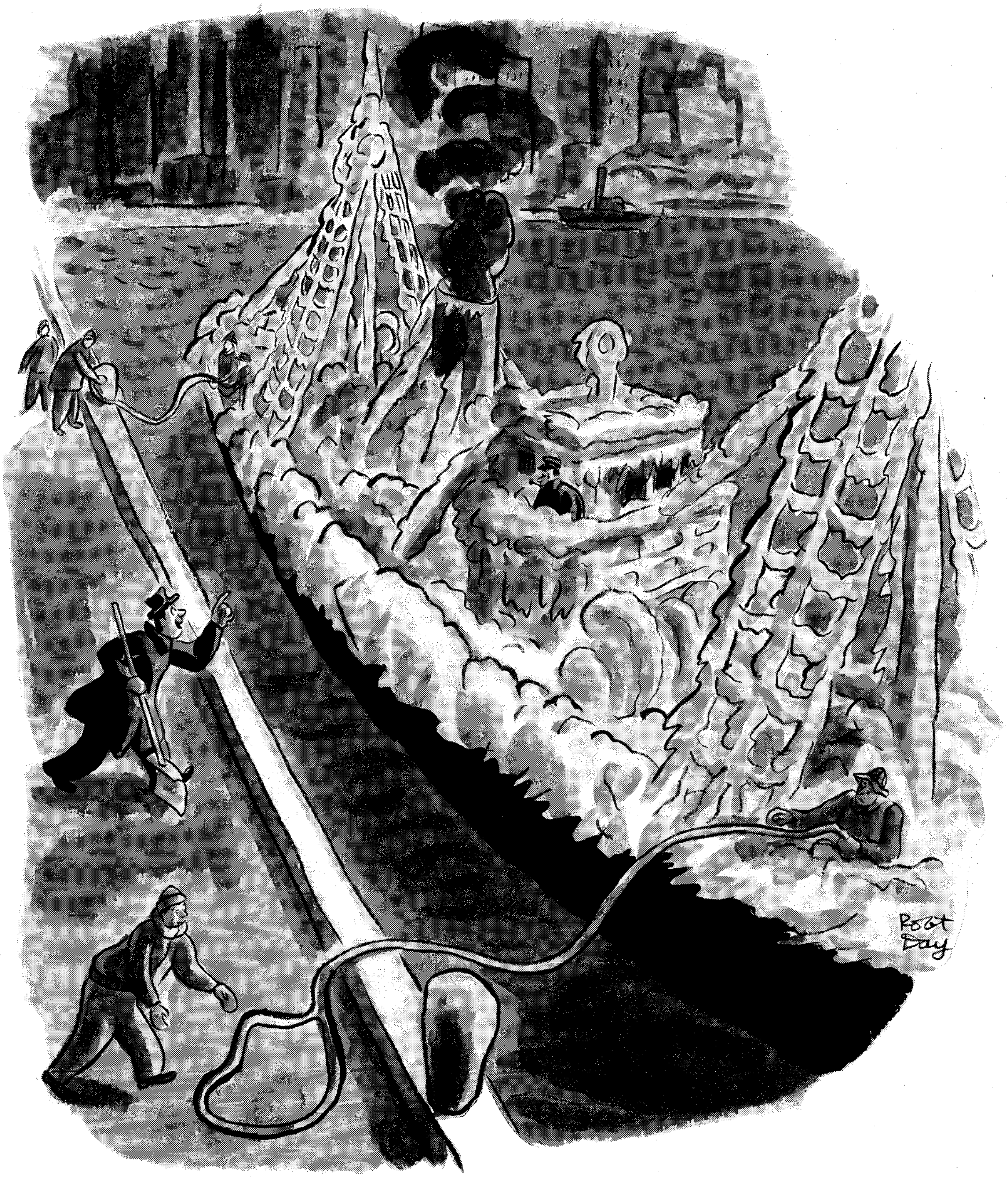
"I have never heard him speak of anyone," she said with a shrug. "He has never mentioned anyone in his letters. His chief reason for going is to annoy the Muslim faction."

"Indeed?" Mr. Devore said with cold exasperation. He had made up his mind. "Our friend Mrs. Kraft," he continued, "is a kindhearted woman. She is always generous, but I fear impulsively so. Like so many kindhearted women"—even with his self-assurance restored, he felt it expedient to stress the tribute—"she is not always aware when obstacles *can* be surmounted and when obstacles *cannot* be surmounted. I must confess that there is absolutely nothing I can do for you. Frankly, it seems to me that the information you wish can be secured only through consular channels, with which you are probably more familiar than I am. I must ask you to tell Mrs. Kraft how sorry I am that I, in my very limited sphere, am helpless to bring such an affair as this to a successful end."

He waited uncomfortably for a display of histrionics, but none materialized. Mme. Liapchev showed no sign of anger or even of acute disappointment. She looked at him dreamily and smoothed her gloves with exquisite grace.

"You are so sympathetic," she said, either with rapt admiration or an excellent imitation of it. "So sympathetic and so *good!*"

"I—ah—I regret that I can be of no



"Shovel your catwalk, sir?"

• •

assistance to you, but surely you can understand that I am powerless."

"Yes," she said softly. "I regret it so much."

WHEN Mme. Liapchev had departed, Mr. Devore found that he was able to relax a little. But he was afraid Mrs. Kraft's reaction would be one of chagrin and perhaps something even stronger.

He happened not to meet Mrs. Kraft until almost a month later, when they encountered each other in the lobby of Carnegie Hall. Mrs. Kraft said "Henry Devore!" in a reproachful tone. What led Mr. Devore to take heart, however, was the fact that at the same time she sounded playfully arch.

"I'm always picking out the perfect wife for you, Henry," she said, "and you never give them the least little bit of encouragement!"

—JAMES REID PARKER

YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU HOME

AS soon as Lib's brothers and sisters reached eighteen or nineteen, they all left home. The two girls married, the three boys went to other cities. All the children cared deeply for Ma and Pa, especially the boys, who were away and loved to talk about Ma's frisky spirits and fondly imitate her singing "Your Mother Wants You Home, Boy, and She Wants You Mighty Bad." But when they wandered back to New York they managed never to stay long.

Lib was past twenty-one and the only child who remained at home until that age. She was the baby, Ma's queen of the May, Pa's kitten. She took a secretarial course at high school and after graduation got a job as a filing clerk in the New York office of a paper mill. The second year she began to take dictation from the salesmen and was raised to twenty-one a week. Ma got five of it; the rest went for clothes and permanents until one Sunday afternoon, when a young man, an elevator boy in the building where Lib worked, was expected to take her walking. He wasn't the first boy to take Lib out or anyone she liked particularly, but he was an older fellow—he was twenty-five—and he was from outside the neighborhood.

Lib spent a good deal of time that afternoon dressing for him. She was never sure whether she was wearing the right clothes or conducting herself properly in public places. Through the closed door of her room she heard a stormy quarrel between Ma and Pa, but she was so accustomed to their clashes that it was scarcely a murmur in her ears. When she stepped out to be reassured about her appearance, she found that they had moved their fight into the dining room.

"I'm going to leave him, Lib, sure as a gun!" Ma screamed.

"I'd like nothing better, nothing in God's world," Pa said, in the gluey voice that drove Ma wild. She reached into the cupboard which she always complained was too high for her.

"I've been marked with the crow's foot," she shouted, "ever since the day I set eyes on him!" She sent a dinner plate through the open window.

HIT OF THE MONTH
NOW PLAYING
LOVE ... AL
ATTENTION! MEN IN UNIFORM WILL BE ADMITTED FOR HALF PRICE
Richard Decker

Before the crash could be heard in the street, Pa was at the cupboard too. He was a good foot taller than Ma and could grasp the platter on the third shelf. But after he had got it, he couldn't prevent her from grabbing hold of it with both hands. "God above, why hast thou punished me?" he asked, and while he was trying to get the platter away from her, the doorbell sounded.

Ordinarily Lib took her mother's part, even if Ma had started the squabble. This afternoon she stood helplessly in the doorway, seeing what the boy who had come to call for her would see. She squeezed her hands together and waited for the bell to stop ringing. Neither Ma nor Pa even heard it above the sound of their own voices; Pa had finally succeeded in getting the platter away.

"What sin did I commit to be saddled with a sour-faced old harpy all my life?" he demanded, and with a virtuous look on his face he sent the platter through the window.

"I've got to get out," Lib said aloud. "The sooner the better."

LIB did get out in the end, but it took nearly two years of cutting down on clothes, washing her hair herself, even snipping fifty cents off Ma's allowance, to save up enough for the move. Possibly she couldn't have done it, even then, if she hadn't got a two-dollar raise. She still took Ma's side, but it was as if there were two of her now—Ma's queen of the May and a cold witness who wasn't related to Ma, who didn't even live in the neighborhood. Ma had started marching out on Pa almost every time there were words. She never packed her belongings. She wouldn't even put on the fur jacket that Bud had sent her from Chicago, but wrapped her marketing coat over her house dress and tramped out of the house. The farthest she travelled was to the store at Hudson and Christopher, two and a half blocks away. After she had talked herself out to the clerks and any of the neighbors who were shopping, she came back home. It wouldn't matter if Pa was in or out. Ma would have forgotten why she left home and she would be ready to cook or wash or burst into song.

When Ma finally got it through her head that Lib was moving out, it took all the starch out of her. For several days she just sat in the house, sniffling. Lib's sisters came from Brooklyn and from uptown, their kids tagging along, to comfort Ma, and to gang up on Lib when she came home from work.

Pa behaved as though there had been a death in the family. Every now and tiation fee and dues of twelve dollars a year, female members ten dollars in annual dues. The clubrooms are open twenty-four hours a day. Members are entitled to free hospitalization when warranted. In addition to the regular members, there are twelve tradesmen members, whose dues are twenty-five dollars a year. Each of these is permitted to hang a card advertising his firm on one wall of the club. The cards are identical in size and are tacked cheek to jowl in neat rows.

Entente

ONE of the sculpture classes meeting hereabouts has, posted on the wall, a document that solves one potentially tricky human relationship for good and all. We quote in full:

NOTICE TO STUDENTS & MODELS

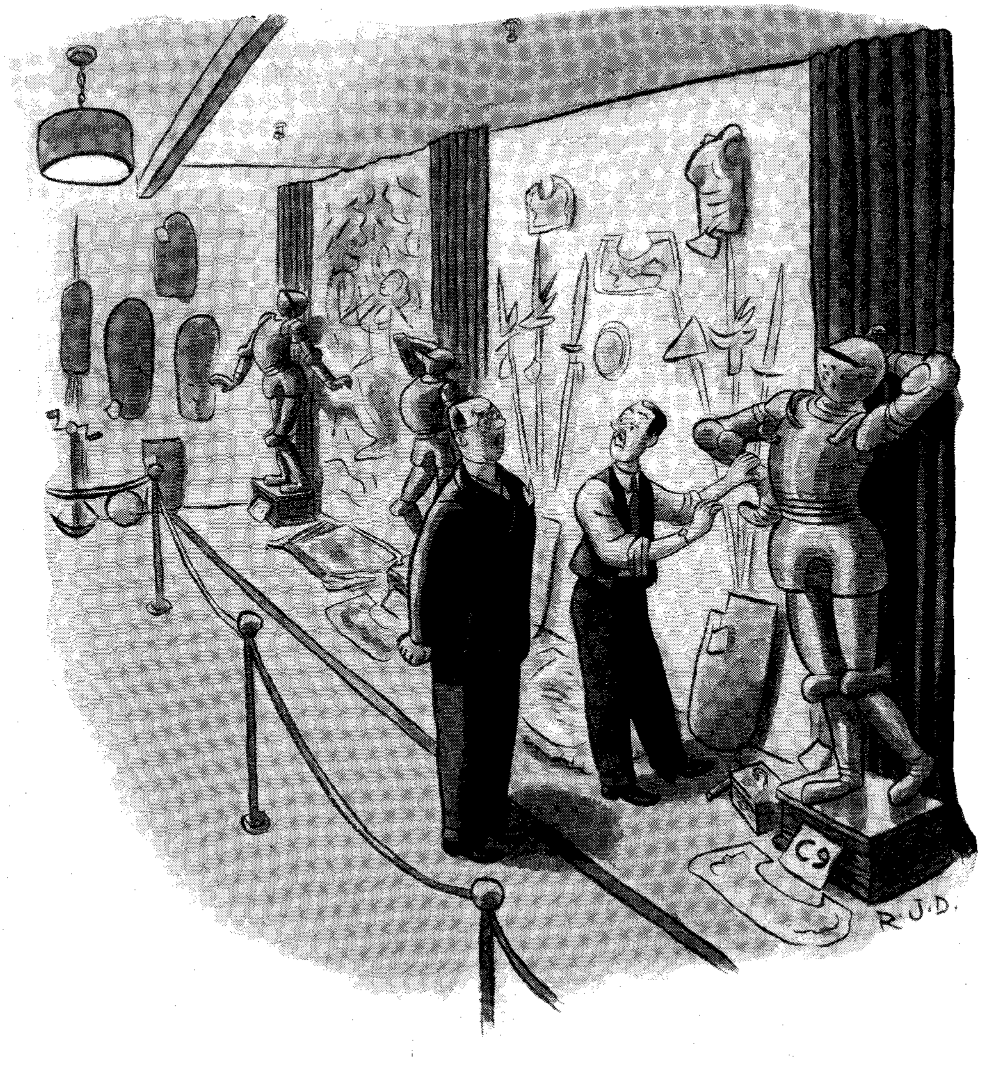
I. There is to be no *conversation* or *discussion* between students and models during poses.
II. There is to be no discussion of politics during class at all.
III. Models are not to comment on students' work unless asked by students and only during rest periods.
IV. Students are not to comment on models.

Wizardry

JUNIOR talent is cropping up at a great rate on quiz radio programs, we have been generally advised, so we dropped in on Station WHN to look some of it over. We listened to a half-hour show known as "Kid Wizards." The wizards are New York schoolboys chosen for their savvy by Mr. Louis Wolfe, a teacher, who conducts the program. As is the case on another information program, featuring more mature wizards, there is a regular staff of experts which is augmented each week by one or two guests. Guests are boys or girls who have either stumped the experts themselves or been recommended by an adult stumper.

We came upon the kid wizards in their studio, running through a warm-up quiz of five or six typical questions. The three regulars and two guests, all boys, were seated at a table before two microphones. Only four out of five pairs of feet touched the floor. Mr. Wolfe sat at another table, facing the boys, and at the moment we came in was engaged in an argument about the water in Lake Ontario. "You'll have to take my word for it," he said. "It's fresh." The tallest of the wizards, a boy with glasses who was inclined to wriggle in his seat, wasn't satisfied. "What about the St. Lawrence River?" he wanted to know. Mr. Wolfe didn't seem to think that was relevant, and the practice session broke up. "They challenge everything I say," Mr. Wolfe told us when we were introduced to him. "Would you like to meet them?" We said we were eager to. The regulars whom we met were the tall, wriggly boy, Jimmy Keegan, fourteen, of the Bronx High School of Science; Jay Langner, ten, of P.S. 118, Manhattan; and Chick Young, nine, of P.S. 54, same borough. It was Young's feet which didn't reach the floor. "Chick's specialty is theatricals," Mr. Wolfe said. "Whenever they have an especially difficult rôle in a play at his school, they give it to Chick." Young admitted he was pretty good on the boards but seemed more eager to talk about having recently been accepted by the Boy Scouts. "Only as a Cub, of course," he said. Langner, we learned, has an I.Q. of 166, which has so far been directed chiefly toward memorizing Gilbert and Sullivan. "My father buys me a record," he told us, "and when I know it by heart, he buys me another one." His father, a dentist, had come along for the broadcast. He said he was aware of the potential menace of having a kid wizard in the home but so far nothing untoward had come of it. "We just never mention the program except on Tuesday nights," he explained. The third regular, Jimmy Keegan, seemed to have no particular forte, being equally sound in all departments. He assured us that the rivalry on the show was of the friendliest sort. The two guests were Raymond Belsky, thirteen, who had baffled the experts with a question about metabolism, and Fred Berman, fourteen, who had got away with the riddle about the relationship between that big Indian and that little Indian sitting on a fence.

During the broadcast, the kid wizards conducted themselves as they probably do in the classroom. Belsky, although a guest, was frequently jostled by Keegan, who waved his hand frantically when he knew an answer. Langner took a flyer at every question that came his way. Young was deliberate but reliable and proved to be the only one who



"I must remind you that Women's and Misses' is one thing, Harris, the Hearst Collection another."

knew that there are thirty-one people in the combined (for quiz purposes) families of the Bing Crosbys, the Eddie Cantors, the Joseph P. Kennedys, and the Franklin D. Roosevelts. The board as a whole was stumped by but one question: What is the part of a loaf of bread inside the crust? (The crumb.) Belsky had no trouble at all defining "rhombus" and "trapezium," and Keegan knew that "ranee" was "the feminine of 'rajah,' usually his wife."

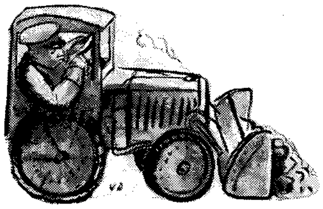
After the broadcast all hands turned out for sodas, which, with a set of the Book of Knowledge, are the only fee either guests or regulars are collecting until the program gets a sponsor. As they headed for the elevator, Keegan was explaining a nice legal problem to Langner. "It's a definite trust," he was saying. "That's why the Department of Justice is investigating."

Reference

WE have another entry to make on our roll of taxi-drivers who dabble in philosophy, a fellow whose cab was approached the other day by a young matron who asked him if he was free. "Madam," he said politely, "according to Plato, no man is free."

Spider Lady

CONSIDERABLE secrecy surrounds many activities in the defence industries these days, but we can see no possible harm in writing about Miss Mary Pfeifer, whose specialized job in national preparedness is probably as odd as they come. For more than fifty years, ever since she was a girl in her teens, Miss Pfeifer has been employed by the Keuffel & Esser Co. of Hoboken, which manufactures precision instruments, including surveyors' transits, range-finders, and, in recent years, bomb sights, and she is responsible for the placing of cross-hairs of spider silk on the lenses of these instruments to make sighting accurate. Moreover, she is responsible for Keuffel & Esser's supply of spider silk. She gets this direct from the spiders. Once every July she issues a call for spiders and small boys of Hoboken range through the marshes back of that city gathering them. House spiders wouldn't do; their silk would be too coarse. Miss Pfeifer pays fifteen cents for each spider brought to her in working shape and she usually buys from one to two hundred of them. She puts them in separate receptacles to prevent their eating each other, as spiders are wont to do, and then, as she gets around to it, she harvests the silk. She does this by putting a spider on a stick, to which he instinctively attaches himself, and then taking a pair of tweezers and nimbly flinging him off into the air. The spider frantically emits silk and Miss Pfeifer gets up to ten feet on each toss. Most spiders can be productively tossed twice. After that they seem to get wise to the stunt. Miss Pfeifer winds the silk onto spools and stores it away.



The silk is usually a little more than three-tenths of a thousandth of an inch thick, which is about half the thickness of the finest line that can be scratched on glass with a diamond or anything else. A foot of spider silk will take care of a number of bomb sights. It is amazing stuff and many attempts have been made to produce it commercially. In 1710, a Frenchman named Bon made stockings from it. These were very lustrous and strong enough to be worn but cost far too much to be practicable. As recently as ten years ago a big-scale effort was made to produce spider silk profitably in North Carolina, but the result was like that of all the other experiments: the spiders ate each other up unless kept separate and this proved too expensive. It took fifty-seven thousand spiders to make one pound of silk. Spiders have been found on mountains at a height of twenty-five thousand feet, living in crevices. This is higher than any other creature has been observed to reside. What they eat has not been determined—possibly insects so small that they haven't been observed.

Inevitably, Miss Pfeifer's unusual occupation has produced legends around Hoboken, where she is generally known as "the spider lady." One story is that during a fire in the plant years ago she rushed into the building crying, "I must save my babies!" Another is that she pointed out a spider to a visitor to the plant and said, "That is a black widow." Her visitor asked how she knew and she said, "I killed her husband." We are pleased to report that both of these stories are merely apocryphal. It is true, though, that Miss Pfeifer was given quite a ride in one of the national women's magazines not long ago, it being stated that her work was so gruesome no substitute for her could be found. This brought in a batch of letters from ladies in various sections of the country, most of them widows, all volunteering to substitute and most of them avowing an intense interest in spiders.

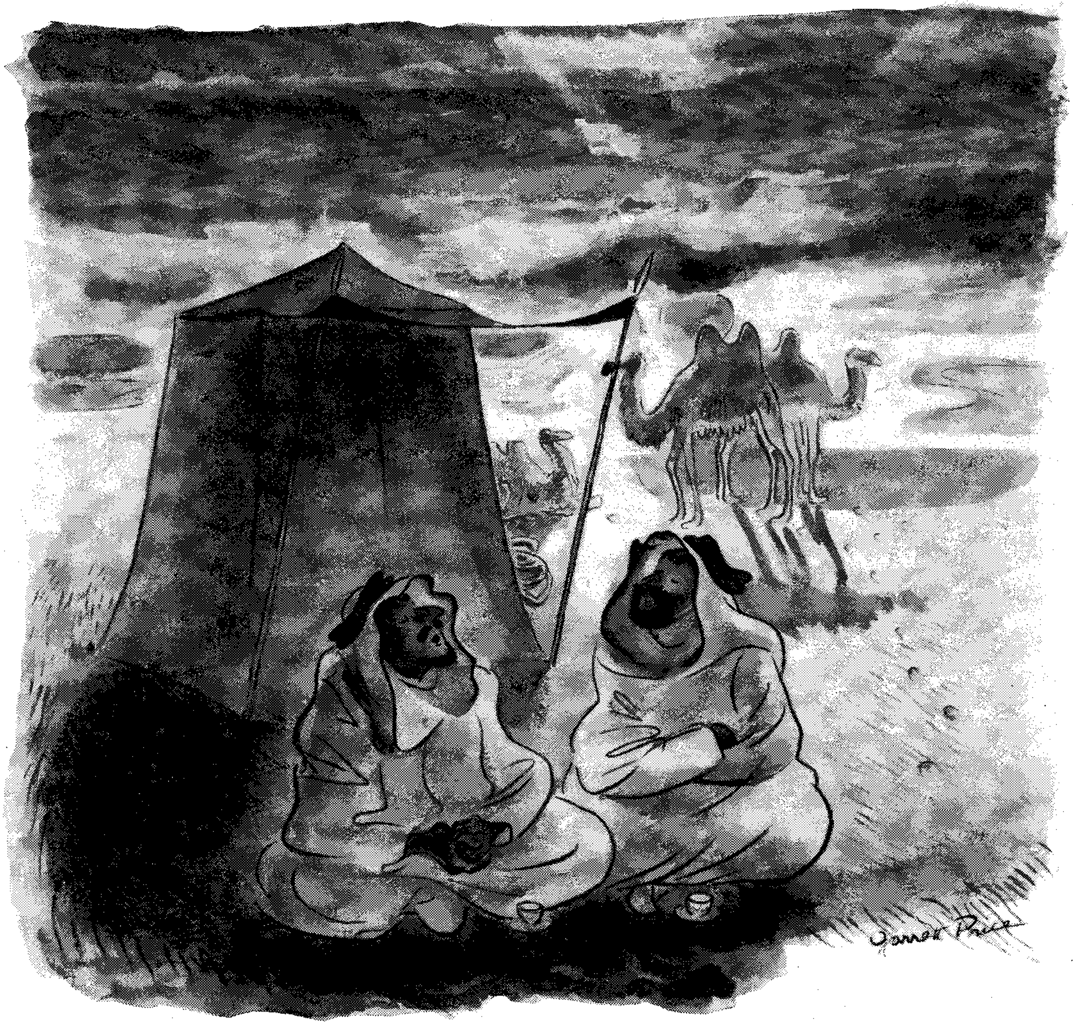
Mistake

A PREP-SCHOOL senior in town for the weekend dropped into Brooks Brothers Saturday morning and worked his way eventually to the necktie department. There he noticed a large batch of cravats assembled on a counter, and also a robust, reddish old gentleman giving them his mature consideration. It stood to reason that the old gentleman did not intend to purchase them all, however, and on this assumption the boy stepped up and tentatively fingered one or two. The old gentleman was on him like a wasp, demanding, "Young man, do you think you are shopping at Macy's?"

Miss Rose

EVER since August, 1936, when we revealed that Rose, a Pekinese owned by Mr. and Mrs. George L. K. Morris, was listed as "Juniors—Miss Rose" under the Morris family entry in the *Summer Social Register*, we have had a guilty feeling. Our item was seized upon by newspapers all over the country and in the next issue of the *Social Register* Rose was dropped, along with William B. Leeds. The uneasy knowledge that we were responsible for Rose's misfortune kept us from calling on her until last week, when, probably influenced by the wide talk of dogs in connection with the forthcoming Westminster Kennel Club Show, we called on her at the penthouse she shares with the Morrises on East Seventy-second Street. Rose was in a mood to let bygones be bygones and licked our fingers steadily for five minutes. Her expulsion from the *Register* has left her unruffled, but Mrs. Morris informed us that as Rose's owner she had been distressed by a sentence of ours which read, "Rose is no world-beater, as dogs go." In Mrs. Morris's opinion, Rose *is* a world-beater. The Morrises were abroad at the time our paragraph was written and we obtained our descriptive information from Mr. Morris's brother Newbold, apparently a man who doesn't fully appreciate Rose. We apologize herewith, and are happy to state that Rose's father, Red Dragon, cost $3,000, and that Rose, whenever she is taken to a beach, rushes into the ocean and pulls out pieces of driftwood several times her size, hauling them considerable distances on the sand with a pleased expression.

Rose is now nine years old, and chip-



"You know what I've wanted to hear all my life? The patter of rain on a tin roof."

then, while the girls were talking, he would rest his arm awkwardly on Ma's shoulders, and when she refused to accept this consolation, he would look sorrowfully into her eyes. She flared up finally, and before the scrap had ended threw his imitation-leather bedroom slippers into the coal stove in the kitchen. The people downstairs, who never had kicked about noise, raised a big fuss about the smell.

The fight helped to stiffen Lib. So did the way her sisters picked on her. To make Ma feel better, though, she moved only a few blocks away, into a walkup apartment. At first Lib wondered if it would be all right to smile at some of the girls when she ran into them in the halls. They weren't a bit like the neighborhood kids or the crowd of girls from the office with whom Lib went out to dinner once a month. The girls from the office and the men clerks who sometimes took Lib to the movies seemed too much like herself. She was always afraid that they were talking or laughing too loudly, and she was certain they didn't know the right way to behave any more than she did.

Before long, instead of wondering whether to smile at other tenants, Lib ducked her head when she saw them. That was because now, when Ma quit Pa in the evening or on a Sunday, she made a beeline for Lib's place. Ma was only too pleased if she happened in on one of Lib's visitors. But to make sure of some kind of audience, even if it was invisible, she began shouting to Lib as soon as the downstairs door was clicked open.

"Well, the fat's in the fire," she would call out as she mounted the stairs. "He'll never lay an eye on me again, girlie."

Lib knew she was going to move far away the next time. Eventually she raked up enough courage to ask advice from Miss Hushion, the sales manager's secretary. Although Miss Hushion had always seemed too worldly to be approached, it turned out that she liked to be consulted. She found Lib a little apartment on the top floor of a walkup wedged between two modern apartment buildings in the East Fifties. After Miss Hushion said the rent was simply unbelievable, considering the marvellous neighborhood, Lib didn't dare do anything but sign the lease right away.

The Saturday she moved in she spent almost the entire afternoon struggling with the closet door that wouldn't close and the window shade that had no spring and the clogged drain in the sink. When it grew dark and she found that something was wrong with the electric wiring, she forced herself to go to the apartment house next door for help. The doorman was not so unapproachable as he looked; he called up the handyman from the basement, and the handyman, it turned out, was accustomed to having to fix things for the tenants of the walkup. He told Lib the building was so rickety it ought to come down, but the big houses used it for a light-protector. When he left to get more tools, Lib was already feeling better. She put real life into her unpacking, so by the time he showed up again the room was beginning to look as though she might live in it.

"Man around here was asking about you," he said as he fumbled in his tool kit.

"About *me?* For goodness' sake."

"Yeah. He wanted to know if you were the same one lived on Barrow Street—he told me the number. I forgot it. 'How should I know?' I said."

"Why, I did. I just moved from Barrow." She thought a minute. "Oh, he must have seen my name downstairs."

"Wanted to know what you were doing now," said the handyman. " 'How should I know?' I said." He bounced the suction pump on the palm of his hand.

Lib followed him to the sink. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard," she said slowly. "Who in the world—"

"I guess he was a detective," the handyman said. The pump made a loud gurgling sound in the drain. "He wore a badge; showed it to me."

"Oh, no!" Lib cried out, and her

voice sounded hollow to her. "A *detective!* Why, it wouldn't be any such thing."

"That's what he was all right," the handyman said cheerfully. "Showed me his badge."

"Listen, Mister," she began nervously.

"Sam will do," he said without turning.

"Well, anyway, I mean there wouldn't possibly be a reason why a *detective* . . ." She heard her voice dwindle away, and she couldn't think of a solitary thing to say next. It's like I'd been a bad girl, she thought, and they had to check on me wherever I went, and he'll tell the elevator men next door and they'll tell the people who live there and there isn't a soul in this dreadful stuck-up neighborhood who could speak up for me and say I never did things like that in my life.

She saw the handyman grinning at her. That was the way they would all grin at her and wink, maybe, and say things behind her back when she walked down the street. Then she jumped, hearing the bell ring. For a moment she looked imploringly at the handyman.

"That's your bell," he said. He stopped grinning.

She pressed the button that released the downstairs door. Then she opened her door a few inches and held onto the frame for support. The next thing she heard was Ma's voice. "I don't know if I can make all those flights, Baby."

Lib flew down the stairs and flung her arms around her mother. She was so happy just to feel her that she didn't notice until they were inside the apartment that Ma was dolled up in her fur jacket and her good brown dress which she had only basted and never really hemmed.

"My heart's jumping like a parched pea," Ma said, gasping as she lowered herself into the one free chair.

Lib barely heard her. She was looking defiantly at the handyman. "This is my *mother*," she said loudly. She watched him as he turned to Ma. Then she said in a careless voice, "Sam's our handyman."

Ma opened her eyes to acknowledge the introduction. "I'm glad to see you're taking care of my youngest," she said warmly. "She's been the light of my life and most of it's been dark as November."

"Anything she wants done and the super's not around, all she needs to do is ask me," said Sam.

Lib smiled at him. She was a good girl again. Nobody with a mother like Ma could be anything but respectable. Now let them try to make up things about her.

Ma stirred. "Are you a family man?" she asked Sam, wistfully.

The handyman shook his head from side to side.

"How would you like a good housekeeper?" said Ma.

Lib stared open-mouthed at Ma. Then she squeezed her hands together, thinking: it's happening all over again, the way it happens no matter where I move.

The handyman picked up his tool kit. "I got a wife," he said, and as he sauntered toward the door he grinned at Lib.

SHE couldn't think of a thing to say, not even after he had closed the door and she could hear his footsteps down the stairs. Oh, Ma, she told herself, if they knew you like we do, it would be different. But she knew she wouldn't say it aloud. Instead she moved toward Ma and took her hand.

Ma pressed her daughter's hand hard. "He's cleared out, Baby," she said, her voice heavy with wonder. "He's hung up his fiddle and walked out on the mother of his six children." She mashed a handkerchief against her face.

"You don't mean Pa?" Lib said.

Ma nodded. "Packed up and went off to Boston with your brother Joey." She removed the handkerchief. "Now both of them can be drunk as a wheelbarrow all the livelong day." The tears spilled onto her good brown dress.

Lib knelt to put her arms around her mother. "Oh, Ma, you must feel awful." She stared at her mother, seeing in her big, broken face what she had never before noticed. Ma's face was stamped with the things you weren't supposed to miss. They weren't bad, they were good; Ma knew them, the sisters had them. Only Lib had tried to duck them.

"I do not," Ma said tearfully. "He's brought me nothing but trouble all my life and I'd be glad to see the last of him. Except he's a bum not to let me do the walking off."

"Listen, Ma, I'll tell you what. I'll go home and we'll live together, and even when Pa comes back I'll stay. I won't leave ever."

Ma suddenly gave a radiant smile. "You will, too," she said. "You'll leave when you're ready to get married and you won't take anyone but a prince. A king of a man! It's in the cards for you."

"Let's go now," Lib said excitedly. "I don't want to stay a minute longer. Look, I'll come back here for my things next week and if I can't sublet, why, I'll break the lease. And let them send the police after me."

Ma got to her feet. "Let them send a flatfoot after one of my children," she said majestically. "If I don't know how to handle Pa, I know how to handle *them.*"

AS Ma started down the stairs she called over her shoulder, "Your brother Joey's at the bottom of it all; he minced into town the other day. If I'd known what he was up to with Pa, I'd never have given him your new address. Except I guess he was too boozy to look in on you."

Lib halted. "He hasn't taken to wearing a badge for any reason, has he, Ma?" she said softly.

Ma snorted. "What's he need a badge for? He's got my face for a badge." She sighed loudly. "But Pa's build." Her voice trembled. "The way he once was."

But it didn't make any difference, Lib thought, even though it had been Joey who came to see her and the handyman had made up the part about the badge. It wouldn't have made any difference if she never had found out the truth one way or another. She caught up with her mother and hugged her.

"Come on, Ma," she said tenderly. "Don't feel bad. You and I're going to have a lot of fun together."

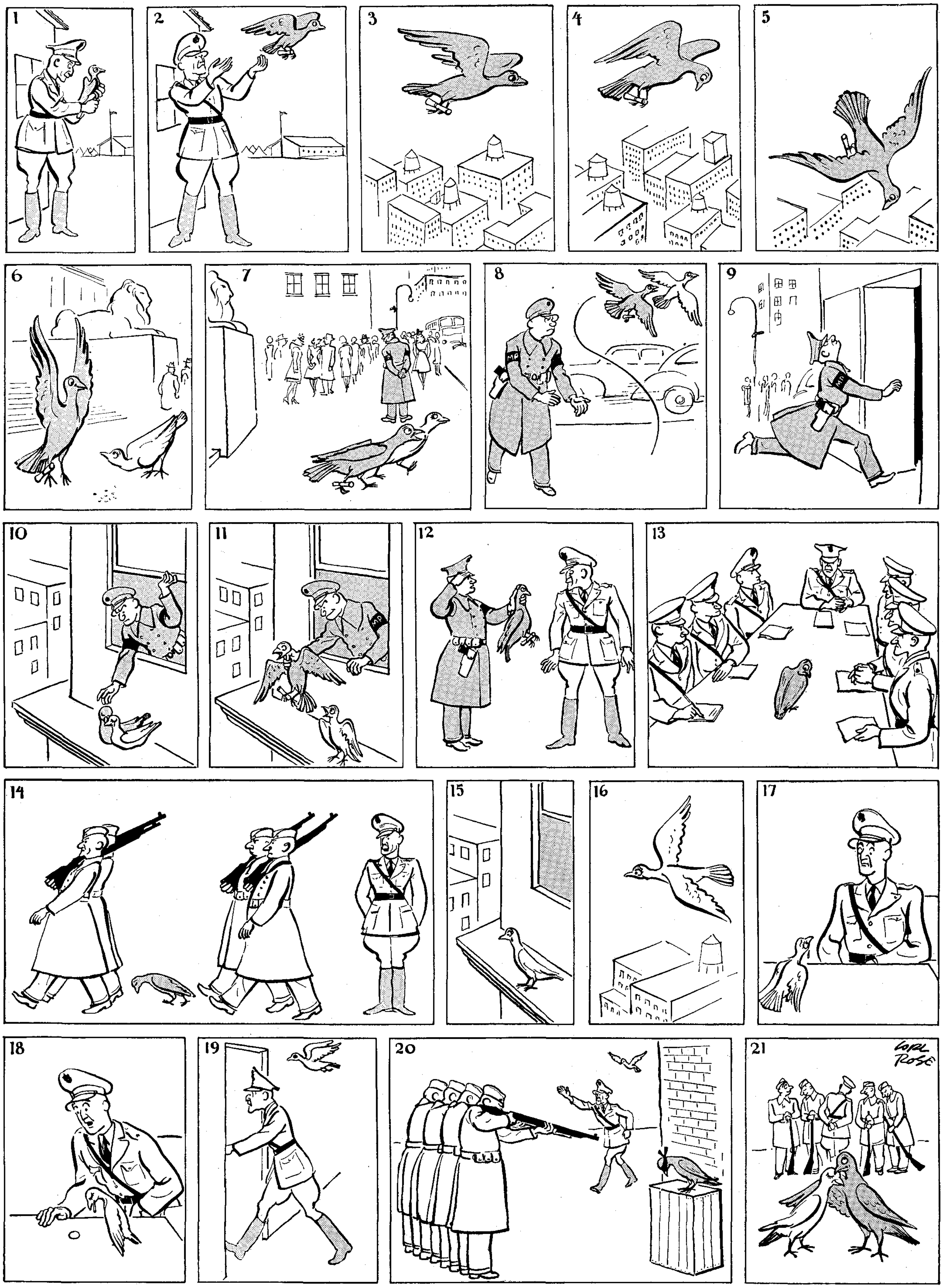
Ma looked sadly at her daughter. "I shouldn't have breathed a word against your brother Joey," she said. "I love you all alike." They were on the street now and she cried out violently, "I do! I positively do!"

Then she began to sing:

"A mother near a window on a stormy winter's night
Thinks of one who wandered from the fold . . ."

When she reached the chorus, her voice swelled out. Some of the passersby stared, but Lib didn't even see them. Holding Ma's arm close to her, she marched forward, smiling. I'll be back home in no time, she thought.

—Leane Zugsmith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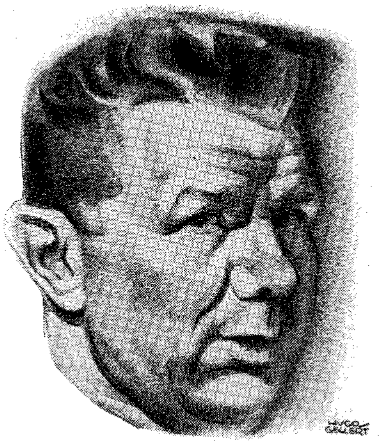
Carl Rose

THE RECREANT COURIER, OR, OMNIA VINCIT AMOR



PROFILES

DESIGN FOR A LIVING—I

NORMAN BEL GEDDES, the stage and industrial designer, is a man with a highly developed intolerance of small things. Small objects, like paper clips and *petits fours*, make him nervous, and he is embarrassed in the presence of small sums of money. Let the producer of a play say, "Geddes, do me a little set," and Geddes will try to pile more scenery onto the stage than has ever been piled before. Among his accomplishments have been a four-ton section of a steamship in a play called "La Nave" and several stories of a skyscraper's framework in a play called "Iron Men." When working on "The Miracle" and "The Eternal Road," two of the costliest and least intimate productions in theatrical history, Geddes found that he couldn't get everything he wanted on the stage, so in each instance he rebuilt the whole theatre. As an industrial designer, he is similarly expansive. In 1933, General Motors called Geddes in to design a medallion to commemorate their twenty-fifth anniversary and paid him a fee of $4,500. He was unhappy fooling around with a medallion, but he bided his time. Five years later he persuaded General Motors to let him put up the Futurama at the World's Fair; that cost them $7,000,000, and Geddes felt better. Geddes, a short, chunky, intense, wild-haired man who has the manner of a super-salesman and talks rapidly through his nose, moves from one grandiose venture to another, leaving chaos, and usually an awed but somehow satisfied client, wherever he goes. "His head is in the clouds," a friend of his once said, "but his feet are certainly not on the ground."

In his account of himself in *Who's Who in America*, Geddes states that he designed the first streamlined ocean liner. To appreciate this achievement to the full, one must march on with time some little distance, for no streamlined ocean liner has been built as yet. A number of Geddes' greatest successes in theatrical and industrial designing have, like the streamlined ocean liner, never existed at all. In the early nineteen-twenties, he wrote a dramatization of Dante's "Divine Comedy" and designed a stage for it. He later drew up and published plans for a theatre to put the stage in and five thousand seats to put the spectators in. Some lovers of the drama admire Geddes' Dante scheme passionately and other, more commercial-minded lovers estimate that it would cost at least $500,000. No one has come forward with this sum, and the models he made for it have for years been gathering dust in the Manhattan Storage Warehouse. Geddes thinks of his "Divine Comedy" as one of the best things he's ever done. In 1929, as a consultant to the Architectural Commission of the Chicago World's Fair, he submitted plans for twenty-five projects. He suggested the Dante Theatre to start with. Some of the other projects were a four-auditorium Temple of Music with space for ten thousand listeners, a two-hundred-piece orchestra, and a chorus of six hundred; an Island Dance Restaurant rambling over four small islands in a lagoon; a Water Pageant Theatre accessible only by boat; and a triple-deck Aerial Restaurant built around a hollow revolving steel-and-duralumin shaft thirty-two feet thick and two hundred and seventy-eight feet high. Geddes, who does not care to dream on a speculative basis if he can help it, was paid several thousand dollars for his ideas, but none of them was ever carried out.

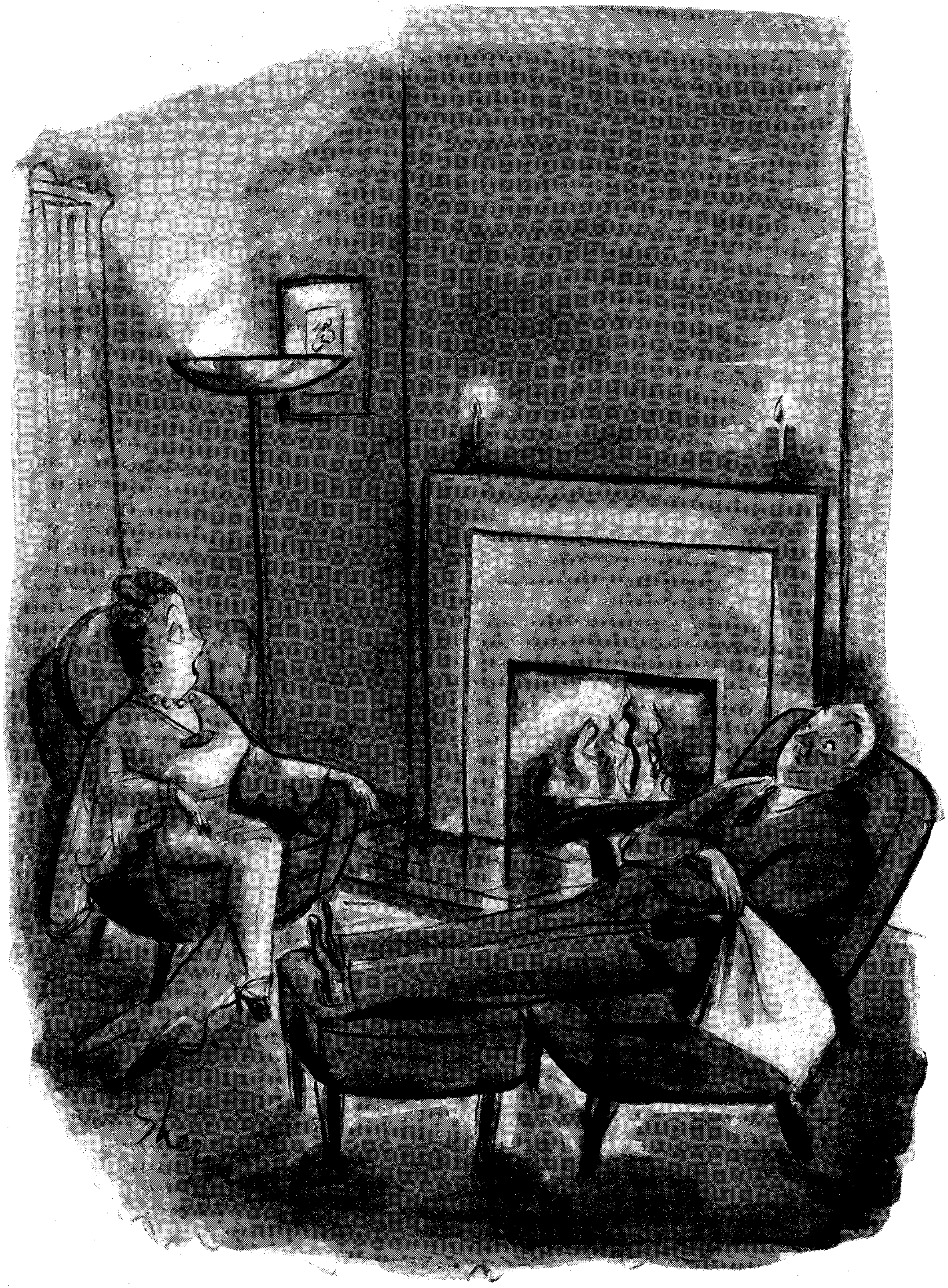
He has a faculty for starting with a small, concrete project and ending up with a gigantic, theoretical one. Several years ago he was asked to design a scale for the Toledo Scale Company. He did this rather rapidly and then proceeded to design a new factory for the company, turning in detailed plans for a $1,500,000 plant which would be distinguished by glass walls, concealed beams, an employees' swimming pool a hundred and twenty feet square, an airport on the grounds, and parking sheds with space for twenty-five hundred cars. The Toledo people bought his design for the scale and, in a wonderstruck moment, paid him a fee for complicating his assignment, but so far they haven't been able to see their way clear to putting up the factory. *Fortune*, in an article on Geddes, once intimated that the factory *was* going to be erected, but in Geddes' work the dividing line between fact and fancy is sometimes a difficult one to distinguish. For example, a streamlined yacht that Geddes designed for Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist, has often been mentioned in the press; Geddes made a model of the boat all right, but Wenner-Gren never had it built.

APART from schemes which have never got beyond paper, the success of a number of Geddes' ventures is relative, depending on whether you take an aesthetic or a bookkeeping point of view, and depending also on whose books you look at. It is a fact that the Futurama at the World's Fair was the Fair's most popular single attraction; it is a fact that General Motors paid Geddes a $200,000 fee for his work on it; it is also a fact that General Motors, which good-naturedly laid out the $7,000,000 to build and house it, had expected to spend not more than $2,000,000. Geddes' offhand attitude toward a hundred thousand dollars is apparent in both his theatrical and his industrial jobs. His scenic designing and costuming of "The Eternal Road" were regarded with astonishment by nearly everyone who was exposed to them. The show lost its backers close to $500,000, and they felt that Geddes was partially responsible, because he had ordered the inside of a theatre torn apart and put together again. Most theatrical people feel that when Geddes is hired to design a play, the theatre will automatically have to be reconstructed. If no one else will remodel a theatre containing a show on which Geddes is working, he will attend to it himself. In 1932, when he was doing the sets for "Flying Colors," a revue by Howard Dietz, Geddes wanted a trap door in the stage to provide a trick exit for Tamara Geva and Clifton Webb. Dietz arrived for rehearsal one day and looked everywhere for Geddes. "I finally found him in the cellar," he says, "sawing away at a gas main which was in his way."

Geddes does not confine to his own activities his habit of thinking in generous terms. He believes one reason the Empire State Building is not doing better is that it is too cramped. "If the Empire State Building, instead of covering merely a quarter of a block," he wrote in a book called "Horizons," published in 1932, "covered the whole block and went as much higher as necessary, it would accommodate all the people now working within the surrounding half-dozen blocks and accommodate them more comfortably than they are now accommodated at the present moment." The Empire State Building has not as yet been enlarged, but Geddes' imagination has at times been prophetic. In January, 1931, in an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* entitled "Ten Years from Now," he predicted, among other things, that in 1941 luminous tubes would replace incandescent lamps to light stores and homes; that windows would admit violet rays but would not open; that mechanical devices activated by photo-electric cells would open doors; that talking pictures would replace talking professors; that events of national interest would be telecast; that there would be double-deck streets, almost every city roof would be a garden, and whole blocks would be given over to hangars from the roofs of which planes would take off vertically; that in small houses the dining room would no longer be a separate chamber; that aircraft would easily attain a speed of six miles a minute and passenger planes would be provided with sleeping compartments and dining saloons; that a new, highly concentrated fuel affording vastly increased power would replace gasoline; that automobiles would be streamlined; that there would be no epidemics and no incurable diseases; that rainfall would be controlled; that paper would be made from a material which would not depend upon the slow growth of trees for its supply; and that a combination dictaphone and typewriter would eliminate the stenographer. Some of these predictions have come to pass, and one, at least—about the speed of airplanes—has proved to be conservative.

The magnitude of Geddes' ideas has alternately stimulated and dazed his clients. His creation, in 1931, of a new gas range for the Standard Gas Equipment Corporation has caused him to be widely regarded as the father of the streamlined stove and won from Mrs. Emily M. Lautz, a Buffalo domestic-science expert, the encomium "I am going to do all my cooking on a beautiful Iroquois gas stove designed by Norman Bel Geddes, the great artist." Geddes received $50,000 from Standard Gas for his designs, and before Standard was through it had, in some bewilderment, gone to the additional expense of scrapping an entire factory in Birmingham.

Admirers of Geddes say that as an industrial designer he is a genius who thinks in terms of the future without regard for expediency or the piddling compromises which consideration of mass production requires. His critics call him impractical and visionary in comparison with such businesslike industrial designers as Henry Dreyfuss, Raymond Loewy, and Walter Dorwin Teague. Actually, Geddes is sufficiently practical to do a business that permits him to maintain a $50,000-a-year scale of living. Theatrical productions which have been successful both for him and for the producers include "The Miracle," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Lysistrata," and "Dead End." Last fall he redecorated the Larue restaurant for a fee of $5,000,



"Clay, I wish you'd shoot something for over the mantel."

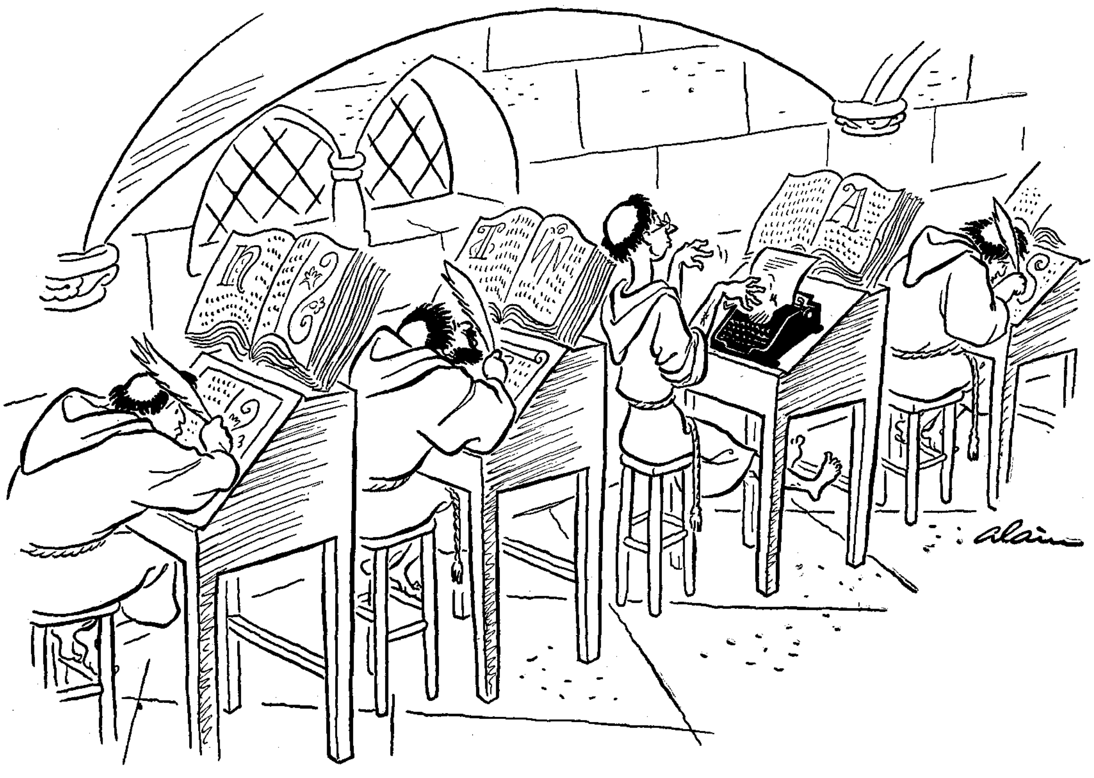
• •

and his current clients include the New York *Post* and the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, whom he advises on typography and format; the U-Need-A-Pak Company, on whose behalf he has designed a cigarette-vending machine; the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, whose products he packages; and Columbus Coated Fabrics, for whom he frequently designs an oilcloth.

DURING the twenty-three years Geddes has been in New York, he has designed the scenery, costumes, and lighting for about fifty plays and operas. He is to some degree responsible for the trend away from the literal realism of the Belasco school toward the less fussy impressionism of today's theatre, and for the use of floodlights placed on the balcony rail or the sides of the auditorium. Beginning in 1918, he designed three productions in as many years for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Geddes, who had to work on a comparatively limited budget, soon felt hemmed in. It is extremely easy for Geddes to feel hemmed in, and his relations with the Met were not improved by the fact that he and Gatti-Casazza failed to get along. "Norman is something like a girl," a friend once said of him. "He's an emotional little devil; he's got to love you to work with you properly." Geddes' emotionalism, which often takes the form of attempting to rewrite and direct any production for which he is nominally employed merely as designer, was one of the reasons Gatti-Casazza was unable to appreciate him. In 1920, Geddes decided to have nothing more to do with the Met.

Broadway producers were impressed by Geddes, however, and in the next couple of years he designed shows for Winthrop Ames and the Shuberts. Geddes is a resilient fellow, and the Shuberts are probably the only men outside of Hollywood who have ever succeeded in disheartening him, even temporarily. One morning about twenty years ago Geddes was in Jake Shubert's office showing him the sketches for some play Geddes wanted produced. He had spread his sketches all over the furniture and floor and was deep in a spirited exposition of their merits when Mr. Jake's secretary opened the door and announced another visitor. Shubert hastily left the room, tramping over Geddes' drawings as he went. Mr. Jake did not return until Geddes, tired of waiting, had departed. A few years ago, Geddes was in Lee Shubert's office explaining a project for staging jai-alai games in Madison Square Garden. This called for the use of huge glass walls instead of the ordinary wooden ones, so that spectators on all four sides could see the game. In answer to some question from Shubert about the visibility of the ball from a certain section of the auditorium, Geddes climbed up on a chair and was saying, "You see, it's up here and it looks like the moon," when Mr. Lee's secretary appeared and announced a visitor. Mr. Lee left the room and did not return until Geddes, tired of waiting, had departed. Geddes has never since given either of the Shuberts a chance to walk out on him.

GEDDES came into his own as a theatrical designer and a lavish thinker in 1923, when he did the sets and costumes for "The Miracle." This dramatized legend, in which a statue of the Madonna comes to life in a cathedral, had been put on by Max Reinhardt in cities all over Europe. Morris Gest invited Reinhardt to stage it for him here in the old Century Theatre. Reinhardt, who didn't know Geddes but had been impressed by his project for the dramatization and staging of Dante's "Divine Comedy," asked to meet Geddes early in 1923, when he came here from Salzburg to confer with Gest. According to Geddes, a minor miracle took place at their meeting. "Reinhardt spoke no English, I spoke no German," he says, "but we understood sixty per cent of each other. It was a very peculiar thing." Geddes showed Reinhardt the models for his "Divine Comedy" sets, and Reinhardt asked him to design "The Miracle." Assisted by a staff of over nine hundred draftsmen and workmen, Geddes spent eleven ecstatic months turning the Century Theatre into a cathedral which would accommodate a cast of seven hundred and an audience of thirty-one hundred. He cut out the entire proscenium arch, removed the theatre's seats and installed pews, extended the stage over the orchestra pit, erected an altar thirty feet high, built into the walls eleven stained-glass windows, nearly forty feet high, introduced twenty fifty-foot, one-ton columns, put down a glass floor a hundred and fifty feet square, constructed a groined Gothic ceiling into which went fifteen thousand square feet of wire mesh, all suspended from the theatre's roof by three thousand feet of steel cable, set winches in a platform under the ceiling to open and close windows and gates, and drove Gest, who, with Otto Kahn, was financing the spectacle, into such a state of mind that he repeatedly told Geddes the theatre was going to fall down. This observation finally began to irritate Geddes; he got to dislike Gest, and resolved to capitalize on the producer's fears to get him out of the theatre for a few days. One morning Geddes climbed to where the winches were—the equivalent of five stories above



the stage—and started dropping nails toward a speck below which he correctly took to be Gest. Geddes had equipped himself with both small nails and big nails for this disciplinary act. "First I dropped a dozen little nails on Gest," he says. "Then I let the big fellows go." Gest concluded that his prophecy was coming true, figuring that the weight of the ceiling was forcing the nails out of the beams. He rushed from the building and stayed away for four days.

Relations between the two men were no better the night "The Miracle" opened. On this occasion, an hour before curtain time, Geddes, who had worked for three days and nights, snatching only an occasional nap in the aisles, was sitting moodily on the altar which Lady Diana Manners, as the Madonna, was to occupy. "I was sitting on this base, pooped," he relates, "when Gest came in and delivered a tirade. He got in a tantrum. He told the doorman to throw me out and never let me in again." Geddes walked out quietly and went to a friend's house, drank a bottle of brandy, and returned to the theatre by the stage door a few minutes before the curtain rose. "Gest was trying to hold the door shut," he says, "but I sort of stepped over him and ran to the basement." At the end of the performance the audience persistently called for Geddes to take a bow. After a considerable search, he was found asleep on a coil of rope in the basement. Someone threw the contents of a fire bucket over him, and he appeared on the stage, dripping, and bowed unsteadily, clutching the bucket and supported by two stagehands. "People thought I was modest," he says. "Actually, I was drunk."

CANDY
CIGARS & STATIONERY
hoff

"Right on this corner is where I first laid eyes on your mother."

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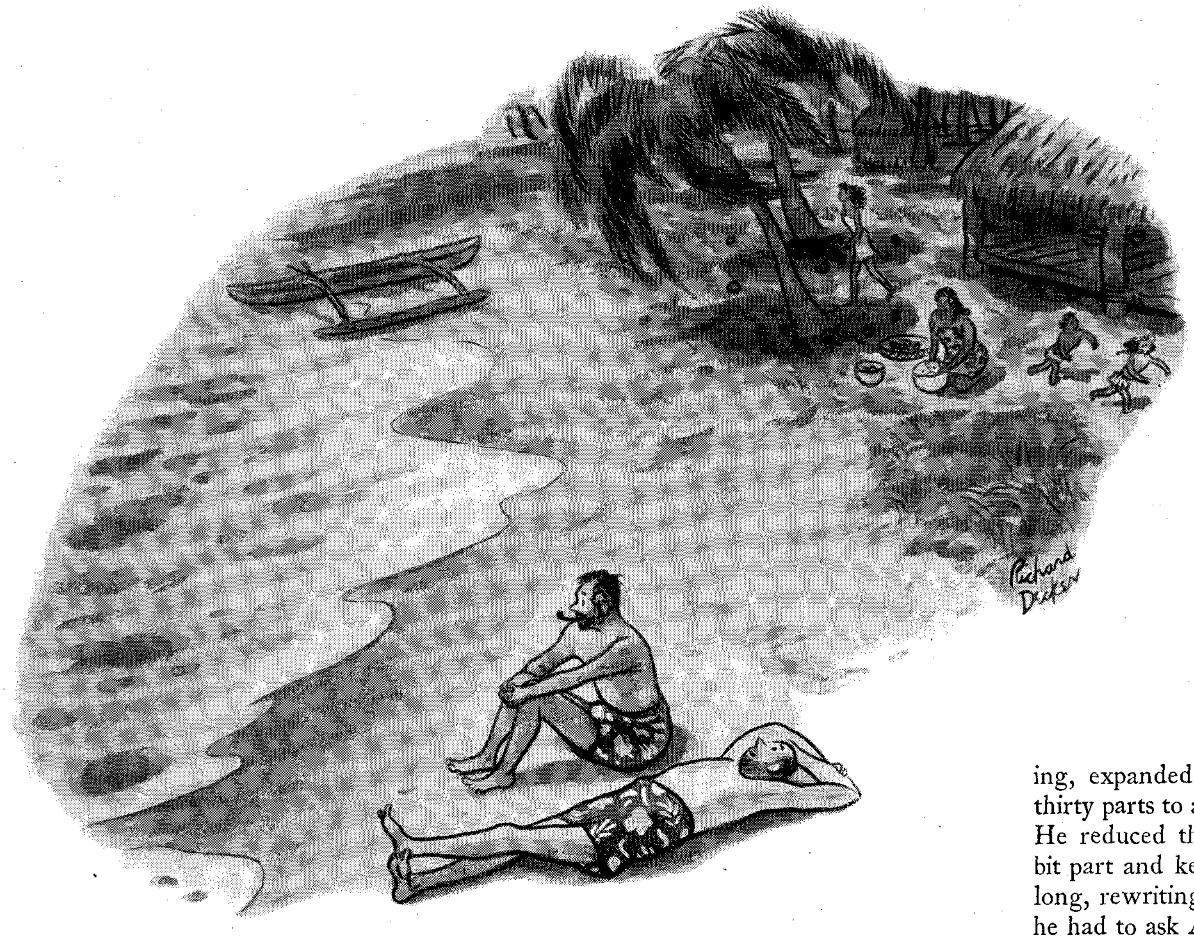
Although Robert Edmond Jones, the night "The Miracle" opened, is reported to have looked about the house wildly and said, "My God, it's the Antichrist in the theatre!," the spectacle was received with enthusiasm by critics, theologians, and pageant-lovers. It cost $500,000 to produce. It ran two seasons in New York and then toured the country for four years, earning a profit of several hundred thousand dollars. On the road the scenery and costumes occupied two hundred and four baggage cars, and it took three weeks to set the show up. Geddes had made over three thousand drawings for sets and designed four hundred and seventy costumes, some so heavy they had to be lowered on the actors with ropes and pulleys. The job paid Geddes only $5,000, but it satisfied his itch for grandeur, made him a celebrity, and gave him a foothold in the realm of the massive. Gest's ambitions, on the other hand, have shrunk; whereas Geddes was represented at the World's Fair by the Futurama, Gest appeared there as the impresario of a troupe of midgets whom he installed in a suitably tiny village called Midget Town.

GEDDES was not long content to remain simply a theatrical designer. In 1925, he went to Paris to produce, design, and direct "Jeanne d'Arc," a play by Mercedes de Acosta in which Eva Le Gallienne, who had translated it into French, took the leading rôle. Geddes sailed for France in April, accompanied by the Misses Le Gallienne and de Acosta and by six young girls from Richmond, Virginia, and their mothers. He had delivered a lecture on the drama in Richmond a few days earlier and had afterward been the guest of honor at a party. When he woke up the next morning, his mind was fuzzy. All he could clearly remember of the evening before was that he had invited a vivacious girl at the party to go to Europe with him, with the notion of giving her a part in the play. She had said she ought to ask her mother, and Geddes recalled having suggested that they lunch at his hotel. "I went to the dining room," he says, "and six girls and six mothers rose to their feet." Geddes invited the group to go along with him, at their own expense, figuring that he would find a place for them in the cast, and they accepted.

Geddes and Miss Le Gallienne had what she considered a contract with the National Theatre of France which provided for the financing of the play, but when they got to Paris, the money was not forthcoming. Miss Le Gallienne finally raised it by buttonholing Ambassador Herrick and other Americans, and rehearsals began. Geddes, who had wanted a cast of two hundred and fifty, was persuaded to whittle it down to a



"I bet the Book-of-the-Month Club often wonders what's become of me."

• •

hundred and fifty. About a hundred of the actors were French and the rest Russian, since Geddes insisted on tall men for such parts as Joan's knights, and White Russian refugees in Paris seemed to be the best qualified physically for these rôles. The six Southern girls and the six mothers never got into the play; they hung around Paris for a while, visiting the Eiffel Tower and watching Geddes rehearse, and then came home.

Geddes was handicapped by knowing neither French nor Russian; he tried in vain to conjure up the psychic linguistic power which had enabled him to comprehend Max Reinhardt's German, then resigned himself to operating through two interpreters, one French and one Russian. He ran into a number of difficulties as the rehearsals went on. He had cast some French extras as English soldiers and required them to wear symbolical dark helmets through which they could see nothing. They objected to the fact that they had to climb ladders in this headgear. *"Ah, il est fou,"* they said. An interpreter translated this to Geddes, who looked at them scornfully, clamped a helmet on his head, ran up a ladder, and fell off. Another time he gave the wardrobe lady, a nervous Frenchwoman, the impression that he had hit her with a megaphone and called her a pig. Geddes says that he simply tapped her with the megaphone to get her attention and pointed to a member of the cast, whose name was Cochon and whose costume he wanted her to improve. Geddes' interpreters failed him seriously at least once. In a rehearsal of one scene, in which he wanted the crowd to melt away imperceptibly, the actors kept going off the stage much too quickly. "Tell them to go slowly! Tell them to go slowly!" Geddes roared. "Tell them to take ten minutes to go off!" An attempt was made to translate this into French and Russian. The scene was played over, and the crowd disappeared more abruptly than ever. "Bring 'em back!" screamed Geddes. None of them could be found in the theatre, and the entire cast were subsequently located in a café across the street. They had been told by the interpreters that Geddes said they could take ten minutes off.

"Jeanne d'Arc" ran three weeks and lost $40,000. Geddes' scenery, as usual, was generally admired; one of his innovations was to dispense with the use of a curtain between scenes, accomplishing his changes by altering the lighting and having the actors carry their props onstage. Most of the critics agreed that Miss Le Gallienne's acting and Geddes' staging were good and that the fault lay in the play.

A few months later, in the fall of 1925, Geddes produced, designed, and directed a play in New York; this time a good many people, including the authors, felt the chief reason for its failure was that Geddes had insisted on rewriting it. This was "Arabesque," a comedy about Arabs by Eunice Tietjens and her husband, Cloyd Head. Geddes, following his inclination to start out with something modest and end up with something overpowering, expanded it from a comedy with thirty parts to a pageant with sixty-four. He reduced the leading character to a bit part and kept rehearsing the play so long, rewriting it from day to day, that he had to ask Actors' Equity to formally consider it a spectacle, which allowed an extra week's rehearsal without pay. "With growing helplessness," Miss Tietjens later wrote in her autobiography, "we watched the dramatic line of the play slowly but surely submerged, drowned in scenery and mechanics, lost forever. We seriously considered trying the law on him and seeing whether we could not get an injunction restraining Norman from putting on the play." Otto Kahn, who financed "Arabesque," came to one rehearsal, left in the middle, and gave his opening-night tickets away. The play demonstrated once again the Geddes talent for lighting, scenery, and costumes, ran three weeks, and lost $90,000. It is sometimes difficult for Geddes to understand that money has actually been lost. A few months after the "Arabesque" episode, he was interviewed by a reporter for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who wrote, " 'Pretty things do not cost much,' he says, and runs his hand through his hair and smiles a tired smile." —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first of three articles on Mr. Geddes. The second will appear next week.)

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[*Adv. in the Boston Globe*]

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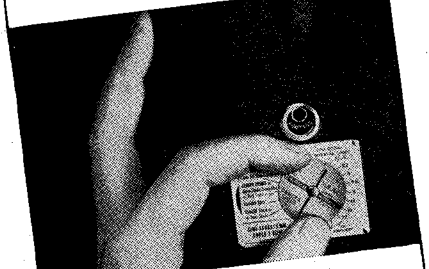

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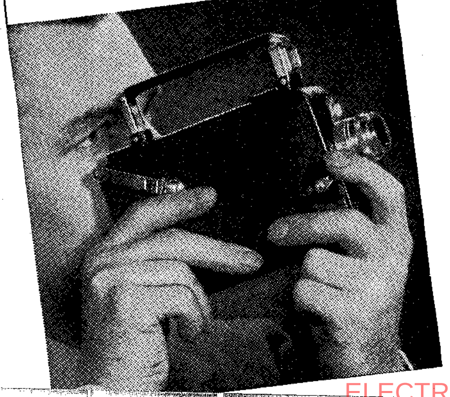

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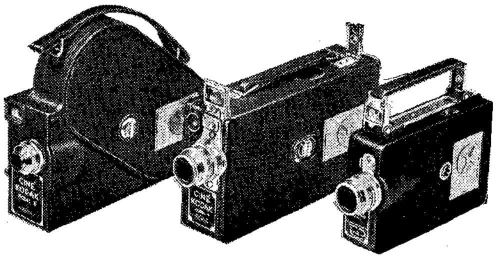

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OF ALL THINGS

WENDELL WILLKIE remained calm and unshaken as he went through a London air raid. A little thing like that would not worry a seasoned veteran of the Battle of 1940.

•

Perhaps it is just as well that Mr. Willkie decided to cut his visit short and hurry home. His alleged friends in New York have been trying to send him to Congress.

•

The Japanese have tightened their grip on Indo-China by mediating its dispute with Thailand. In other words, the lawsuit was won by the judge.

•

If Hitler knows his Browning, he will not go to Great Britain until April. That, according to the poet, is a lovely month to be in England.

•

The Free French forces, like the Haile Selassie boys, have joined in the attack upon Mussolini's armies. Kicking the Italians around has become the most popular African sport.

•

The Nazis indignantly deny the ugly story that they intend to use poison gas. At least they won't use it without announcing that the British were about to use it first.

•

Western wheat farmers are gloomy because the soil is soaking wet. Only a miracle can save them from the horrors of a bumper crop.

•

Research work by Dr. Walter S. Adams, the astronomer, has proved that Mars cannot possibly sustain human life. At any rate, we need not spend money defending New Jersey from invasion.

•

It is doubted that the lend-lease bill can be passed in any form before the latter part of March. When Congress feels inclined, it can do a mean job of bottlenecking.

•

Because of dull business, seats on the Stock Exchange are now selling at the lowest price in a generation. Most brokers prefer to do their sleeping in the privacy of the home.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

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JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
PEGGY WOOD
with KENT SMITH · Directed by AURIOL LEE
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"The most absorbing American drama of the season"—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
FLIGHT TO THE WEST
ELMER RICE'S Newest Play
with Betty Field, Arnold Moss
Paul Hernried—Hugh Marlowe
GUILD Thea., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
A New Comedy by
JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE ALLIANCE presents
Meet the People
Musical Revue
MANSFIELD Thea., W. 47th St. CI. 5-5357
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 34

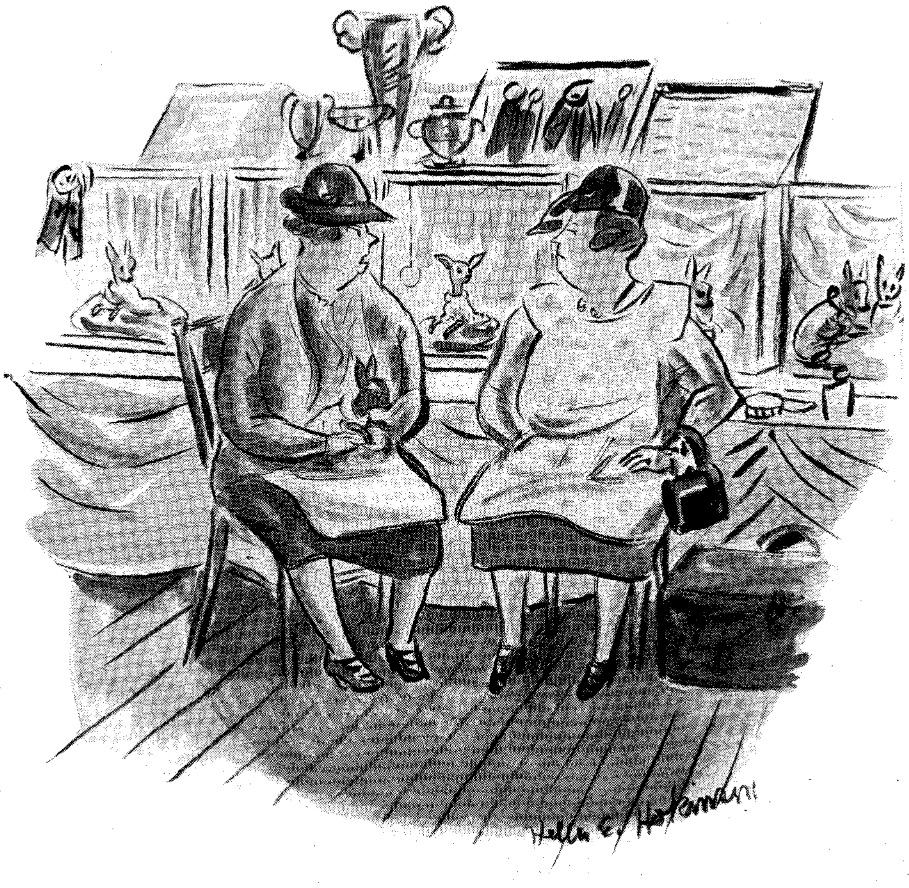
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ST. THOMAS'S TAKES FOUR

St. Thomas's Hospital has had a number of crises to face up to since it started off as part of a priory at Southwark in the year 870. The first came in 1207, when it was burnt to the ground; the second in 1538, when it was shut down during a general suppression of monasteries (Edward VI later restored its charter); and the third in 1862, when the South Eastern Railway decided to run a new line slap through the hospital grounds. The result of the third crisis was that St. Thomas's left its historic site and opened up around 1871 in its present vast form on the Albert Embankment in London. Its worst crisis came in September, 1940, when German bombers scored four direct hits on it in ten days. Like many another good Londoner, St. Thomas's buried its dead, cleared up as much of the mess as it could, and quietly got going again. I went there the other day to keep an appointment with the secretary, who was going to show me how the hospital was adapting itself to what he described as its "new pit-pony existence underground." Patients were sitting on benches in the hall, waiting to be seen—poorly dressed, anxious-looking folk from the tightly packed and poverty-stricken area over which St. Thomas's looms. As we walked through, the secretary pointed out the dispensary at one end. "That used to be the eye dispensary," he said, "but now it's the main general dispensary for the hospital. The others were wrecked. That added to the joys of our worst night, because all the chemicals in them caught fire."

Showing a visitor round the hospital now, he told me cheerfully, was rather like doing Ruth Draper's famous garden act—"you really ought to have seen it a few weeks ago." Yet it was difficult to realize that everything wasn't normal, looking at the shining floors, the neatly stacked stretchers, and the immaculate nurses hurrying about. The out-patients' department, the secretary explained, was the only one still functioning at street level. All the others had dug themselves in below. Before we went down, he suggested I might like to see the old operating theatres and a few of the deserted wards and staff rooms on the ruined floors above. None of the lifts were working, so we started walking upstairs. Above the ground floor all illusions that St. Thomas's was cozily normal vanished abruptly. The stairs were thickly covered with dust and a cold breeze spanked off the river through the broken windows. A couple of men were working in the first ward we looked in at, cutting and fitting plasterboard to keep the worst of the weather out. In the wrecked quadrangle outside more workmen were doing the same thing, putting up walls to protect the parts of the buildings that were still standing. There were not many. The rubble was being shot down a chute and barrowed away into lorries. The secretary said that this tidying-up process was as far as the rebuilding was going to go until after the war. I asked how much damage had been done, and he said that the building damage alone was put at a million and a half sterling. "Loss of instruments, apparatus, and so on can't be gauged yet, of course," he said. "The annual stocktaking is due just about now, and after that we shall know a bit better where we are. The result will probably be pretty horrifying. This wing you're looking at now was the out-patients' wing, a new one opened only a few years back. We were rather proud of it. The same bomb went right down to the basement and got the main kitchens, the canteen, the dispensary, and the private telephone exchange. You can imagine what it's like in this vast place without a house telephone working in it. Everyone must have walked miles in a day."

The chaos around us was a fantastic stew of bricks and mortar in which all sorts of unexpected things had come to the surface—splintered chairs, books without any covers, a headless doll, filthy torn rags that might have been bed linen. It didn't seem possible that anyone had crawled out of the place alive. The secretary said that three people had been killed and forty-one injured, some of them seriously, by the bomb that demolished the out-patients' wing and the kitchens. The first bomb caused the death of two nurses and four masseuses. Incredibly enough, not a single fatality among the patients had been caused by any of the four bombs. We went along to look at some of the other wards, all of them dusty and derelict. Each had been designed as a self-contained unit, with its own kitchen, laundry, and so on. Now shining stoves stood forlornly collecting soot. Rust was darkening the hot-water faucets and the handles of the big refrigerators. "The damage one can't see is even more serious," the secretary told me as we



"But is a horse more loyal?"

started down to the basement. "A good deal that is still standing is unsafe and will have to come down eventually. After we had our four direct hits, two more bombs fell in the river and the concussions cracked parts of the buildings badly."

When we got down to the basement we walked along a tunnel-like corridor with electric signs over various doors saying, "Secretary's Office," "Electrotherapy Department," and so on. In normal times, the secretary explained, the basement is chiefly used for storage and to provide special-treatment rooms for some of the electrical-ray departments, but when the hospital was bombed things were hastily improvised down there—wards, operating theatres, kitchens, and sleeping quarters for everyone in the hospital. The place where the bomb had exploded in the main kitchens had been tidied up, the debris shovelled away, the ceiling rebuilt, and the numberless pipes and cables repaired. "The temporary operating theatre got a bit messed up that time," said the secretary. "Rather disheartening, as they'd only just moved down into it. However, it's all straight again now. I'll introduce you to the theatre sister, who'll tell you all about it."

THE room was low and vaulted, painted white and divided up by curtains into four bays, in each of which an operation could be performed. One was going on now. There was a smell of ether, and nurses and dressers with masks tied over their faces were moving backward and forward in one of the bays, alert and absorbed. The disciplined business of saving lives was proceeding in the middle of chaos. "We get along fine down here," the theatre sister said. "We've only just been repainted after that third bomb. I hope they leave us alone this time. It was half past eight in the evening and we were just getting ready to operate on a policeman for acute appendicitis when the big one came down. It was lucky we hadn't started, really, because that was the end of the room that got it. One of the nurses who was standing there was killed." The sister spoke quite lightly, with no more emphasis than she might have used if she were describing a slight accident with an ether jar. Under the starched St. Thomas's cap, her face remained calm and humorous, as though she deprecated the violence of the facts. The bomb had fallen in the corridor outside, but neither she nor any of the others had heard the explosion.

"I suppose we were too near. Probably we were all slightly concussed," she said. "All I knew was that the lights went out, and I think we must have been thrown around a bit. We discovered the most terrible bruises next day. But at the moment there wasn't time to think about bruises or anything else. We struggled out to do what had to be done. You see, the bomb hadn't fallen at a very convenient time. There was still the night to get through, with a frightful *Blitz* going on outside, and the windows had been blown out. We carry little torches about our necks, but we didn't dare show a light; the place was flooded with water from the burst mains. All the essential services had gone and the chemicals in the dispensary had caught fire. It really was a nightmare—the confusion in the darkness—and even if there had been light, most people were so blackened by the explosion that you couldn't have recognized them. A great friend of mine, one of the masseuses, came up to me with her face like a Negro's and her hair standing straight on end, and I didn't know who it was. Then there was a man who had put on a pair of rubber boots and was paddling round working with us and getting ordered about by everyone. It wasn't until afterward that I found out it was Sir Maurice Cassidy—our senior physician, you know, and one of the King's doctors."

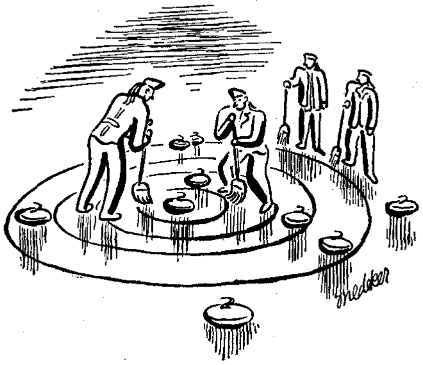
I asked about the policeman with the acute appendicitis. "Oh," she said peacefully, "he was all right. We got a little room further along the basement fixed up as an emergency operating theatre and we did him only a couple of hours later. Luckily, we have special lamps, powerful ones that operate off their own batteries. If the services get cut off again, we shall be all right with them and with primus stoves for the sterilizing."

A patient was wheeled into the vaulted operating room as we talked, an old lady whose hands and face were horribly puckered and made hideous with some sort of purple dye. "It's a tannic preparation," the sister said. "She came up against one of those new incendiary bombs that explode when you go to deal with them. I thought she was dying when they brought her in, but she's doing fine. Come and say hello to her." The old lady's scanty white hair had been tied up almost saucily with a narrow blue ribbon, so she looked something like a savage in alarming war paint who had had the macabre inspiration to go to a children's party. To the sister's bright, professional "Well, you're looking ever so much better," she answered querulously, "But I can't stand much more, dearie. You won't let them hurt me no more, will you, dear?" "You're going to be just fine," the sister said soothingly.

THE secretary and I had an appointment for tea with the matron. She was sitting at a table in an office on the ground floor, together with four awe-inspiring ladies whom the secretary identified in a respectful murmur as the assistant matron and three of the office sisters. These sisters wore the most spectacular uniforms I have ever seen—pin-dotted, dark-blue aprons, offset by dashing capes that were crossed with broad scarlet bands over the bosoms. The caps perched on their smooth hair were higher and more imposing than the ordinary St. Thomas's caps—marvellous Charlotte russes of starched lace tied under the chin by a pert little lace bow. The effect was of four benign Minervas painted by Gainsborough. The matron, who had only just got back from a brief dash into the country to visit an outlying hospital, looked schoolgirlish by contrast in her neat green coat and skirt and round-brimmed hat. I was given tea and a piece of cake sent up by an ex-St. Thomas's sister from the country. The Minervas became human as they exclaimed over the prewar excellence of the almond paste. While we drank our tea the matron told me something about the emergency medical-service scheme which had been ready since the early days of the war to be put into practice as soon as the raids started. Under the scheme, London was cut up like a pie into ten slices, with a major hospital allotted to each slice. Patients were to be evacuated from London to suburban hospitals, leaving the city hospitals free for the air-raid casualties, which were expected to be enormous. Actually, even at the height of the *Blitz*, they have never approached anything like the daily total for which preparations were made.

When St. Thomas's was hit for the first time, on September 9th, it was decided to transfer all the patients to the outlying hospitals, and this was done by fleets of buses next day. The further disastrous bombing made plans for reopening some of the wards impossible and the housing problem acute. Besides staff and patients, St. Thomas's housed three schools—a medical students' school, a massage school, and the famous Florence Nightingale School for Nurses. The problems for the administration were and are immense, but they got around them somehow. Most of the students were sent away for a short vacation while accommodation was arranged elsewhere in the city. With a skeleton medical and nursing staff, St. Thomas's opened up again below ground with two wards, a men's and a women's, which provided a total of seventy beds instead of the peacetime total of seven hundred. There is also an emergency maternity unit which takes care of the women who are startled by bombings into giving birth before the set date for their removal to a palatial maternity hospital in the country. Directly patients become well enough to be moved, they are transported in bus convoys to the country hospitals, so the wards are kept free for casualties. The matron said that it was all working out fine. "What I miss most are all my nurses," she said sadly. "I just hate being without all of them." Both she and the secretary were emphatic when I asked them if they thought the Germans were aiming at Westminster Bridge or the Houses of Parliament when the hospital was hit. They were entirely certain that the St. Thomas's and other hospital bombings were deliberately done in order to spread panic among the civilian population, which would have no place to take the air-raid casualties. The assistant matron said it was possible that the Germans, who had often used the Red Cross as a convenient blind, suspected the hospitals were blinds for ammunition dumps and so on. The Minervas nodded their heads and rustled indignantly.

Our talk turned to the Florence Nightingale Museum, which was just about to be opened in one of the hospital buildings when the *Blitz* started. Miss Nightingale's awesome memory is devotedly cherished, and her letters, clothes, and other souvenirs are preserved with the reverence that might be accorded to the relics of a saint. "You'll have to see her carriage presently," the matron said. "It's in the basement, quite close to where



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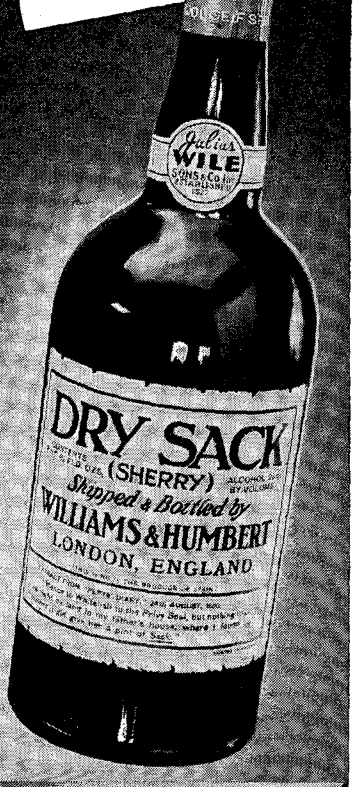

DRY SACK

one of the bombs fell, but thank goodness it wasn't touched."

THE matron said that she would take me to see the wards, and we started off at a brisk pace. I felt that I was accompanying a senior admiral on a tour of his flagship. At the approach of the matron's slight, hurrying figure, porters stood to attention and ward maids set their caps straight. The long, dimly lighted basement corridor suggested being below decks on a ship, and something of the ingenuity of battleship design had been used in the fitting in of the various departments in all the openings off it. The maternity ward was only a vaulted cell with four beds in it. "When the King and Queen visited us the other day," the matron remarked, "there happened to be two mothers and babies here for them to see. It was very fortunate." The emergency operating theatre, where the policeman finally parted with his appendix on the night of the third bombing, was little bigger. "It did very nicely," the matron said placidly. She seemed to move along faster when we passed the bit of corridor where one could see daylight and a chaos of wrecked masonry. "I call that Pompeii and Herculaneum," she said. That glimpse of desolation made the living warmth and brightness of the temporary wards seem good.

In the women's ward it was washing time and those patients who were well enough were sitting up in bed sponging themselves. The sister in charge said that surgical and medical cases had to be mixed together. The patients were grand in a *Blitz*, she said proudly. As soon as they got inside St. Thomas's they felt they were safe, and their touching faith in the almost supernatural power of the hospital hadn't been shaken in the least by any of its disasters. When the wards were hastily improvised in the basement, the medical students and everyone else in the place lent a hand in carrying the beds downstairs. All the patients were in their new quarters, sitting up in bed having cups of tea and singing comic songs, within two hours. "It was difficult for a bit without water or gas or electricity," the sister said mildly, "but we're fine now." There were two small girls at the end of the ward. One was sitting in her cot playing with a toy and sucking at a rubber comforter. The other child was asleep, flushed and breathing heavily. "Pneumonia," the sister murmured. "She's not too good, poor little thing." As we went back through the ward, I saw the old lady with the purple face in a bed on the right. She was

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lying back, looking tired, her burnt hands relaxed on a red blanket. The little blue bow in her hair was as jaunty as ever.

In the men's ward it was washing time, too, and from where we discreetly stood, at the entrance, we caught glimpses of startled hairy gentlemen hurrying into pajama coats. The matron sniffed the air and said that the ventilation seemed a good deal improved. "We still keep the fans going, though," the ward sister said. "The patients seem to like it." This ward used to be the old massage school, so it had the luxury of curtains that could shut off the beds into separate cubicles. "That makes it very convenient," said the sister, looking round complacently.

Before I left, we went through several catacomblike passages full of cots on which nurses, doctors, stretcher-bearers, and first-aid workers sleep when they come off duty. There was also a dormitory for electricians and other repairmen who had to be always on the spot in case the services were interrupted again. The hospital fire brigade had to be ready for service day and night, too. Only a short time back, a shower of incendiary bombs had caused outbreaks at twenty points in the hospital. The matron slept on a cot in someone's office. "At first the assistant matron shared the room with me, but now we think it wiser that she should sleep elsewhere," she explained. "If anything should happen to either of us, the other one will be able to carry on."

I said goodbye and left. I didn't feel quite so bad now as I had when I first looked at the ruined walls of the hospital.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

FOR SALE: One male setter. Trained on grouse. Retreaves one small male hound, trained on rabbits. Low price. Vern Caldwell, R. D. 4, Clearfield.—*Adv. in the Clearfield (Pa.) Progress.*

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•

When the vault finally opened, the gunmen looted it of all the cash they could find. They wore gloves all during their stay in the bank, apparently to keep from leaving fingerprints.—*Chicago Tribune.*

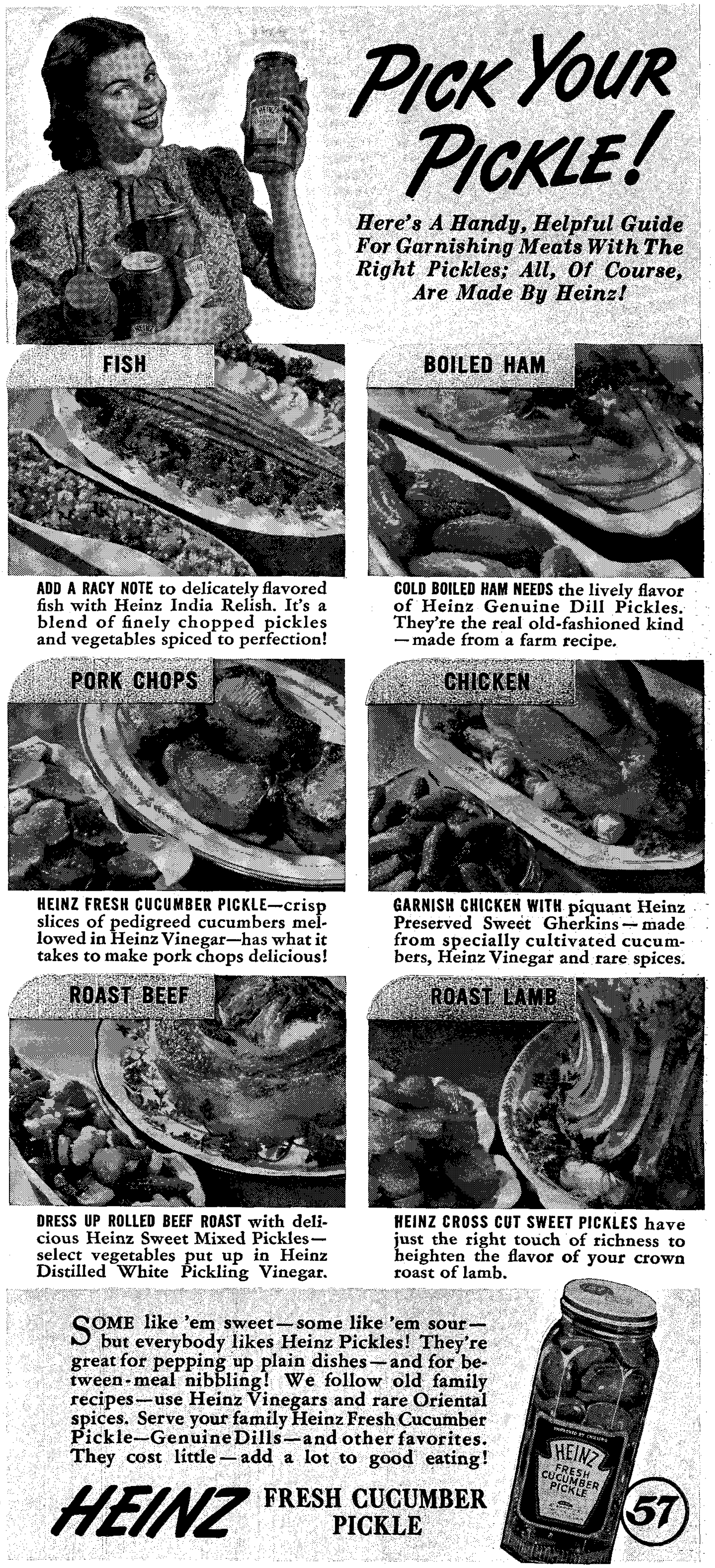
How do you know they weren't naturally dressy?

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From "The Art of Squash Racquets," by Harry Cowles*]

The game thus played sometimes results in serious injury, such as the loss of an eye, and a match with that sort of an opponent is hardly a pleasure.



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QUITE A BOY

IT was half past six in the evening, and people were standing three deep at the bar. Harry Cummings cast an experienced eye around the room and turned to his companion, a small, intelligent-looking man whose eyes shone expectantly behind octagonal glasses. "Better get a table now," Mr. Cummings said. "No use trying to get served at the bar."

"Anything you say," George Weaver answered. He shifted the briefcase he carried under his arm and moved forward.

The bar ran along one wall, and at a reasonable distance in front of it were a dozen small tables covered with red-and-white checked cloths. The noise was deafening and the air was thick with smoke.

Harry Cummings pushed through the crowd at the bar, followed by Mr. Weaver, and walked to a table at the end of the room. He sat down on a bench that ran along the wall, so that he faced the door. "How's this?" he asked.

Mr. Weaver laid his briefcase carefully on the table and took a chair to the left of Mr. Cummings, where he would be able to see the people who were standing at the bar. "This is great," he said. "Nice of you to bring me here. I've heard a lot about this place, but I never had the opportunity of coming here before."

Harry Cummings laughed tolerantly. "Oh, it's not bad. Good food, too. What'll it be?"

"Scotch-and-soda would be about right," Mr. Weaver said.

Mr. Cummings snapped his fingers for a waiter. "Two Scotch-and-sodas." He leaned back on the leather cushions along the wall. He was a large man, and his fair, thin skin was pulled tightly over the flesh of his face.

Mr. Weaver fingered the catch of his briefcase. "I've got all the figures here. And I'd like to explain them in detail before you take them."

"Time enough for that. We'll have some dinner first."

The waiter brought their drinks. Mr. Cummings drank almost half of his, then suddenly put his glass down. "Well, by God!" he said. "There's John Bowie! The big fellow at the end there. Ever heard of Bowie?"

Mr. Weaver said he hadn't. He looked toward the end of the bar and saw a tall, broad-shouldered man with a shock of black hair that seemed to be growing in all directions.

"You must have heard of Bowie," Mr. Cummings said. "The newspaper chap. Been all over the world, and can he tell you things that would make your hair curl! Best storyteller I ever listened to. I'll go and get him to come over."

He edged out from behind the table and walked over to where John Bowie stood at the bar. Mr. Weaver could hear Bowie's shout of joy above all the other voices in the room, and as Bowie turned he got a better look at his face. It was a rugged face and looked as though it might more appropriately stand out from the side of a mountain than be attached to a man's body. Mr. Weaver had seen something like it once while summering in the White Mountains. "See that peak over there?" he had been told. "Well, if you look at it from the right angle, it looks just like a man's face. That big rock is the chin and there's a clump of trees that makes the nose. You can't see it very well today, but on a clear day it's a perfect face."

Bowie wore a loose-fitting tweed suit and a thick homespun tie of bright orange. He gestured as he talked, and from time to time he hit Mr. Cummings on the back. Mr. Weaver saw that Cummings now had another drink in his hand, and he picked up his own glass and took a large swallow.

In a few minutes Mr. Cummings came back to the table and sat down. "He's quite a boy!" he said happily. "Be over in a few minutes, as soon as he gets rid of the people he's with. That boy's lived, I tell you. Been in every country you can name. He's just back now from China and Japan and is on his way to the other side."

"Sounds like an interesting character all right," Mr. Weaver said. He felt hungry, and pleasantly warm from his drink.

"Well, shall we order?" Mr. Cummings picked up the menu and handed it to Mr. Weaver, and the two men gave their orders.

While they were waiting, Mr. Cummings glanced toward John Bowie several times, and finally he got up again. "I'll just pop over and see what's keeping him," he said.

Mr. Weaver watched his friend as he stood with his arm around John Bowie's shoulders. Bowie's huge face was flushed and his laugh was a gusty roar. He called to the bartender and ordered a drink for Harry Cummings, but Mr. Cummings shook his head when the drink was served. Bowie slid Mr. Cummings' glass in front of himself, finished his own drink, and had almost finished the other before Mr. Cummings got away.

"He'll be right with us," Mr. Cummings said as he returned to the table. He looked at Mr. Weaver's soup, which had grown quite cold. "No need for you to have waited for me."

"I thought we might finish up with dinner and get at the figures before your traintime," Mr. Weaver said.

"Plenty of time," Mr. Cummings assured him, and started on his shrimp cocktail.

WHEN Mr. Cummings had taken a bite or two of his filet mignon, he looked toward the bar anxiously. "Can't imagine what's keeping Bowie," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll just pop over and ask."

Mr. Weaver went on eating his steak, and he had finished it and was starting in on a large peach tart when Mr. Cummings came back to the table. "He's coming right over," Mr. Cummings said. "Probably got some dope on the way things are in Japan that'll make your hair stand on end."

A young man and a pretty girl sat down at the next table, and Mr. Weaver watched her with mild, impersonal pleasure as she slid out of her coat. He finished his tart and dropped three lumps of sugar in a large cup of coffee.

"I took Bowie to a banquet once. Well, sir, they had a bunch of entertainers, a girl show, and a blues singer, but I want to tell you that Bowie was the life of that party. I give you my word that he had every man there sitting on the edge of his chair. They were all big executives, too. And Bowie had them right in the palm of his hand." Mr. Cummings' voice held a note of awe. "Damnedest thing I ever saw."

"I can see that he is a very vital person," Mr. Weaver said.

"Vital! He's got more push to him than ten men." Mr. Cummings looked up, and his expression was ecstatic. "Here he comes! Here comes the boy now!" Mr. Bowie seemed to be having some trouble finding his way through the people at the bar. When he made their table, he knocked against it, and Mr. Weaver's glass of water turned over on the cloth. "Here, here!" Mr. Cummings cried. "Look where you're going, big boy."

"Quite," John Bowie said.

"John, I'd like you to meet George Weaver here. I've been telling him about you."

Mr. Weaver stood up to shake hands, but Bowie, occupied with arranging

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CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
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BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP*	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
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TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

YOU'LL SAY "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST"

—because Chevrolet for '41 is the only low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine—the same type of engine that holds all world's records for performance on land, sea and in the air!

You step out of the commonplace when you step into this swank, swift-lined, spirited Chevrolet for '41.

For its brilliance matches its beauty—its liveliness matches its luxury—its road-action matches its style!

It's the most *powerful* of all biggest-selling low-priced cars . . . the *only* low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine . . . and it *out-accelerates, out-climbs, out-rides* all other cars in the big-selling low-price group!

This year, drive the leader! Drive Chevrolet—sales leader —value leader—for nine of the last ten years! Eye it, try it, buy it—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICH.

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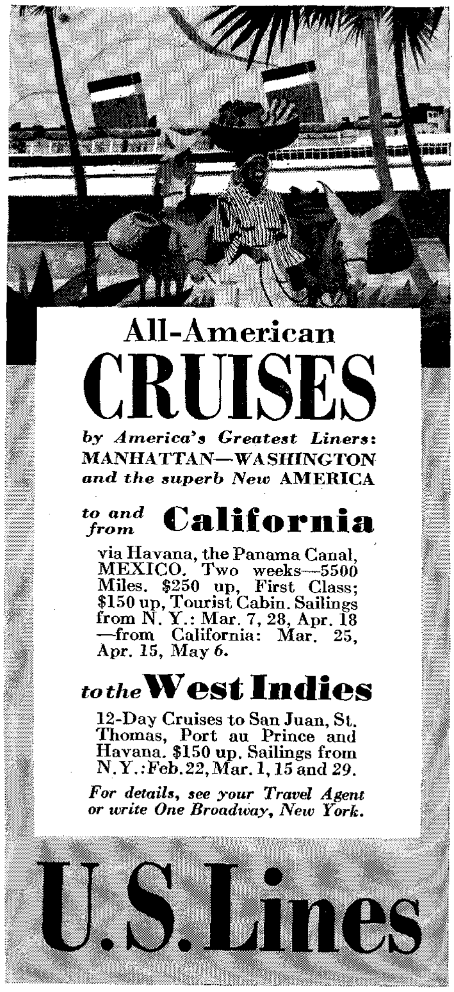

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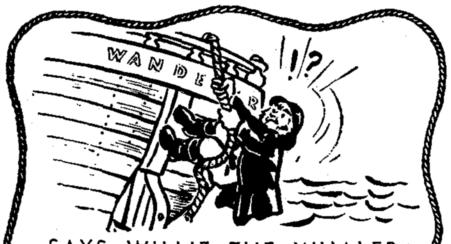

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "SHIVERING SHELLBACKS, THE 'WANDERER'S' SKIPPER HOISTS THE BLUE PETER EVEN THOUGH THE CORPORAL OF THE GANGWAY HAD GRANTED ME SHORE LEAVE FOR A GROGO."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Trencher
MIDWINTER SALE
NATURAL MINK COATS
BLONDE MINKS $1250.
CHESTNUT MINKS $1650.
MAHOGANY MINKS $2000.
LABRADOR MINKS $3500.
*277 Grand St., N. Y.

himself on the bench beside Harry Cummings, paid no attention to him.

"Well, boy, open up," Mr. Cummings said. "Tell us what you know."

" 'Svery fine," John Bowie said. " 'Svery fine indeed. What'll it be?" He leaned toward the pretty young girl who sat at his left. "Make mine the same."

Mr. Cummings glanced at him nervously. "Move over here, boy," he said. "Plenty of room."

Mr. Bowie's list to the left was pronounced. "With plain water. None of your god-damned soda, you hear?"

Mr. Weaver leaned forward politely. "Cummings tells me you've just come back from China and Japan. You must have had some interesting experiences."

"Boats!" John Bowie said. "I don't like boats. Very, very bad."

"What boat were you on?" Mr. Weaver asked.

"Boats."

"I wouldn't mind taking a trip myself about now," Mr. Cummings said. "I haven't been on a boat for three years."

"Up and down. Up and down," John Bowie said. " 'Senough to drive you crazy."

Mr. Weaver noticed with some apprehension that the young girl was leaning as far away from Mr. Bowie as she could and that Bowie's left hand seemed to be reaching far below the table. "I think," he said to Mr. Cummings, "that Mr. Bowie is crowding that young lady."

Mr. Bowie leered at him craftily and put both hands on the table. "Plenty of room," he said.

Mr. Weaver and Mr. Cummings sat wrapped in an uncomfortable silence. Finally Mr. Cummings spoke. "I think your friends are looking for you, boy."

"To hell with them." Mr. Bowie's head dropped on his chest and his hand disappeared underneath the table.

"I really think," Mr. Weaver began.

Mr. Cummings stood up and sighed. "I guess you're right," he said. "I'll see what I can do."

Mr. Weaver watched him as he approached the headwaiter, and he saw that money was changing hands.

In a few minutes Mr. Cummings came back and sat down heavily. "Burns the candle at both ends," he said.

"Of course," Mr. Weaver agreed.

"It can't be done, you know," Mr. Cummings said. "Bound to catch up with you."

"That's right," Mr. Weaver said.

The headwaiter approached their table and, leaning over, put his arm around Mr. Bowie's shoulders. It was

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ORRIN TUCKER
and His "Hit Tune" Orchestra
WEE BONNIE BAKER
and Her Winsome Voice
THE BODYGUARDS
Songs in "The Modern Manner"
Novel Musical Arrangements • Smart Entertainment • Dinner and Supper Dancing Nightly except Sundays
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Weekdays $1.00, Saturdays $1.50
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BILTMORE
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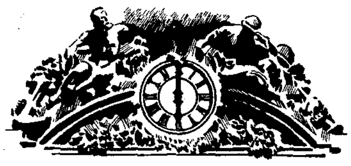

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TREAT CRISPS
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add that flavor touch to all meals
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AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES

an almost affectionate gesture. "Mr. Bowie," he said. "Mr. Bowie, sir! There's a telephone call for you in the booth in the hall."

Bowie lifted his head. "What say?"

"A telephone call," the headwaiter repeated. "A very important call, Mr. Bowie. Right this way." He hooked his arm expertly under Mr. Bowie's and brought him to his feet.

Mr. Weaver and Mr. Cummings watched them as they made their way across the room, through the door, past the telephone booth, and toward the exit. The hat-check girl appeared miraculously with Mr. Bowie's hat and coat, and outside by the curb a taxi was waiting, its door opened wide.

—Esther Evarts

•

THE LETTER INTERESTING AND THE REPLY COURTEOUS

St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland
December 19, 1940

The Editor
PM Newspaper, Inc.
27 Sixth Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

In contests of a few, the Italians are superior in strength, dexterity, and intelligence, but when it comes to armies they make a poor showing; which proceeds entirely from the weakness of the leaders, for those that know are not obeyed, and everyone thinks that he knows—.

Hence it comes about that for so long a time, in all the wars waged during the last twenty years, whenever there has been an entirely Italian army, it has always been a failure, as witness: first Taro, then Alexander, Capua, Genoa, Valia, Bologna and Mestri. Niccoli Machiavelli

Dated 1513 A.D.

P.S. See page 96 of the Modern Library Edition of my book, "The Prince."

PM
27 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sterling 3-2501
January 7, 1941

Dear Mr. Machiavelli:

Your interesting letter has been referred to the editorial department. Although space on our Opinion Page limits the publication of letters from our readers to only a few, all of them receive my careful attention.

PM considers the views of readers extremely important because these views give us an insight into their attitudes on all issues, and also demonstrate a tenet which is basic with PM—freedom of speech and of the press.

We appreciate the friendly spirit which prompted you to write to us, and should enjoy hearing from you again.

Yours sincerely,
Sylvia Ashton

P.S. I'm enclosing a subscription card with which you might like to introduce a friend to PM.

After Dinner
JOIN THE
SANDEMAN DON

● Tonight, when after-dinner coffee is served, let the Sandeman Don bring you one of his memorable wines . . . Sandeman "Partners" Port. Its superb bouquet and its delightful, nutty flavour have made it especially favoured to "round off" a hearty meal. Sip it as a liqueur.

Whenever the occasion calls for wine, invite the Don's cheerful company. He will guide you to *finer* wines. He symbolizes the choicest Sherries from Spain and Ports from Portugal . . . Sandeman treasures . . . world-famous since 1790.

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A rich, golden Oloroso which has become known as the "perfect cream sherry". It is especially enjoyed before dinner (chilled, of course) and is very reasonably priced.

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A unique ruby port, most enjoyable in the afternoon or after dinner, served with cheese or nuts. Produced especially for the Sandeman partners and other port connoisseurs.

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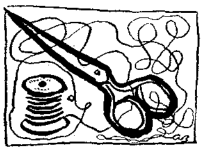
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



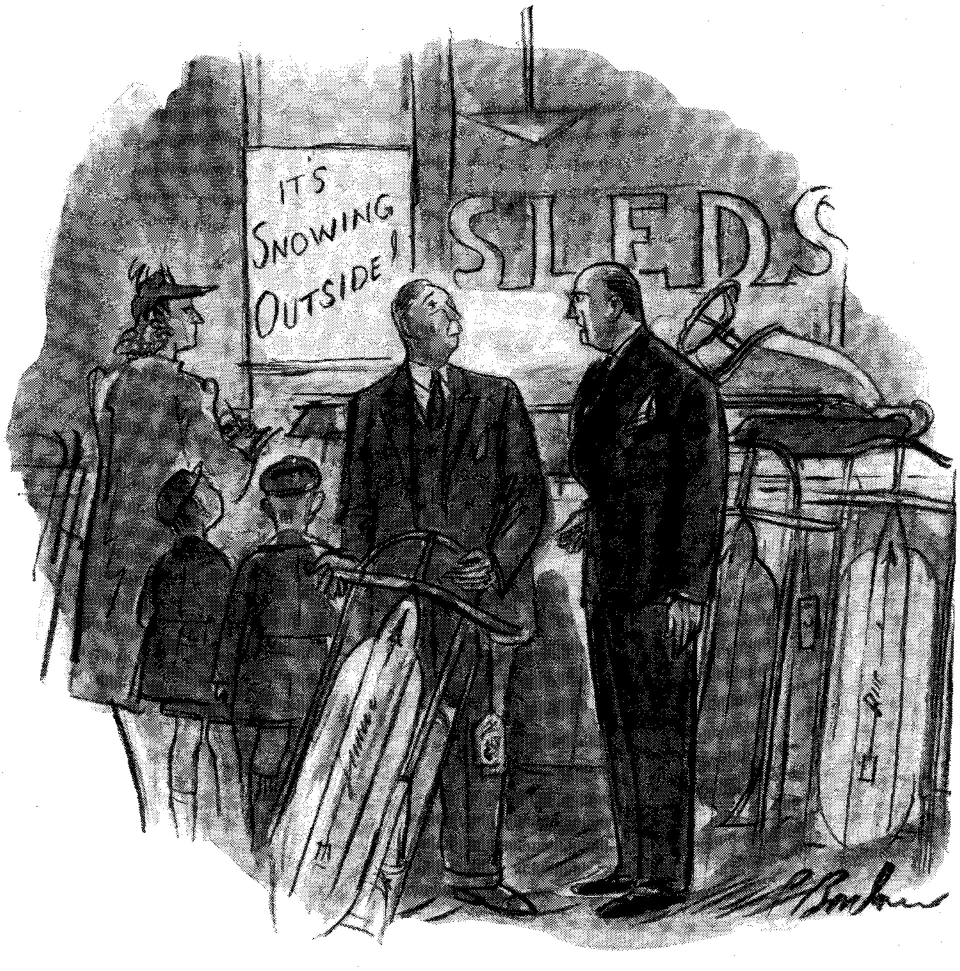
EVERY so often a pretty minx is rushed into prominence for a week by the photographers of the daily press. Effectively got up in a dress of what we are assured is the "new" green and displaying something described as the "new" silhouette, she is hailed as Miss Fashion of 1942 or given some equally pompous title. It is all very decorative and thrilling and usually has no significance whatsoever, for new fashions do not spring at us suddenly but creep up while going through a sort of evolution. Of course, there are super-chic women who can foresee a new style and who dare to wear the extreme models which frequently herald a major innovation, but these prophets are rare and the effect they create is often disagreeably startling. Others would rather wait until the style simmers down and almost imperceptibly becomes acceptable to the public. The really smart woman's costume is completely in the mood of today, with just a hint of what is to come tomorrow.

Such costumes are to be found in the collection at Hazel & Harry Lichtenstein, 37 West 57th Street. The effect of the things here is one of simplicity, worked out with fine detail to delight the connoisseur. There are no eccentricities in silhouette; no stunts have been attempted in a conscious effort to flatter the face. Instead, there is adroit cutting to give an easy line through the waist and down the hips; skirts have a slight flare at their hems to supply as much grace as possible to erratic figures. In short, these are clothes of the baffling sort that women who know used to bring home from Europe after having considered and turned down the obvious novelties.

For instance, there is really nothing to a fitted green wool coat at the Lichtenstein place except the curved detail inset at each side of the knotted belt to emphasize the waistline; nothing, either, to the green crêpe dress beneath the coat save some cutout piecrust ovals around its neck and a touch of openwork in the front. Seaming outlines the yoke and decorates the pockets of a fawn-colored coat worn over a print dress that has (and you'll have to see this to believe it) gray-brown figures on a greenish-yellow background. There is an easy and authoritative look about a print evening dress with cluster pleats released below the hips; it has bright crêpe bows on its bodice to match one on the lapel of the jacket that goes with it. The same look goes with a white crêpe dinner dress with short sleeves and a deep, folded décolletage in front; it has an irregular curved hip yoke that descends on one side to a pale-blue-and-cherry-red appliquéd bowknot from which a narrow fan pleat of matching crêpe emerges and sweeps downward. Even the traditional navy-and-white spring uniform is made to look different here—a difficult feat in a nation of navy-and-white specialists. These lovely, well-bred clothes are custom-made at prices that start at $155. You'll also find ready-to-wear sports things at this shop, such as a sheer chartreuse-and-gray printed day dress which is cool and thin but still gives no effect of transparency. This is $35.

OFTEN I have declaimed against rushing the season (every time I try to put one over on myself by wearing a straw hat in February a blizzard lets me down), but I have no fault to find with Bendel's new millinery, which manages to provide the fresh fillip you crave at this time of year without making a nitwit of you. Many of the hats here curve well down over one eye in front, leaving the coiffure exposed at the side and in back. There are two surefire turbans that will be as good with your spring suit at Easter as they are now with your furs; one is covered with layers and layers of stitched belting petals, and the other is a fluffy affair with looped felt fringe. Either is beautiful and can be made up in any color.

The inevitable sailor is already on view, designed to be worn either low and flat over the eyes or back of the pompadour. A fat little one is made of a red straw braid that is wound round and round and looks exactly like chenille; another, of red felt with a widish brim and tiny crown, is decorated by two hatpins that have vast, round heads made of clustered velvet forget-me-nots. Similar pins, but made of rosebuds this time, adorn a more frivolous cocktail sort of hat with a V prow that ascends slightly over the pompadour. Bendel is selling these pins separately, too, for from $6.50 up, depending on the flower, and you'll find that a pair of them will make a new hat of the perfect but tiresome sailor



"Walters, I understand you have been employing the term 'bellywhopping.'"

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THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS

MEETING John Jameson is very much like being introduced to a distinguished guest at your Club. For personality is just as marked in a whiskey as in an individual.

For 160 years John Jameson has been recognized as one of the finest of imported whiskies. Its flavor is mild and dry. Its high quality is assured by the fact that it is all whiskey—not a drop of which is less than 7 years old.

John Jameson is particularly pleasing as a highball . . . in a Manhattan . . . or Old Fashioned.

WHAT IS JOHN JAMESON?

★ *Pot still whiskey only*

★ *Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats*

★ *Matured at least 7 years in oak casks*

★ *Every drop distilled by John Jameson & Son, Ltd. at Bow Street Distillery, Dublin, Ireland*

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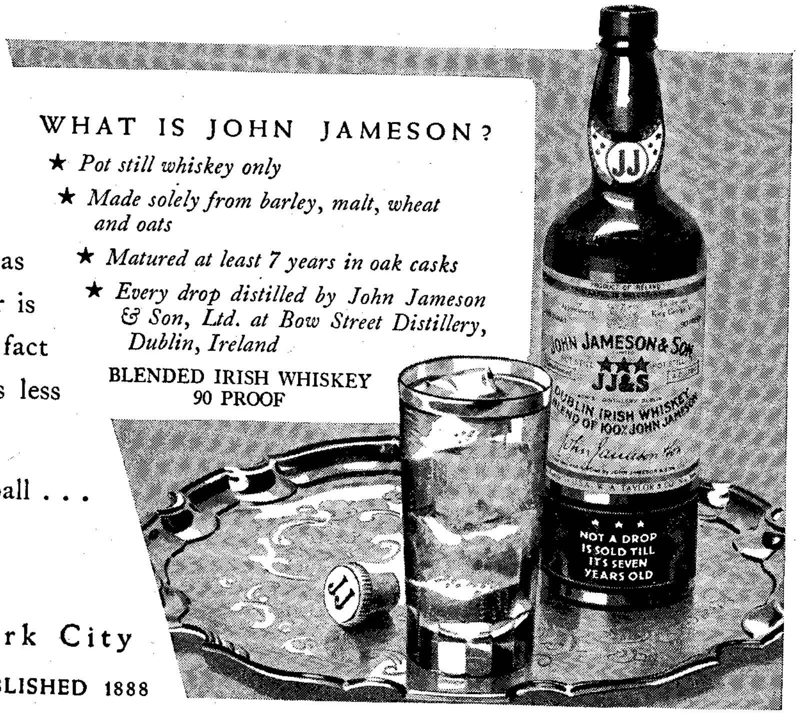
90 PROOF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DUBLIN IRISH WHISKEY
BLEND OF 100% JOHN JAMESON
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD
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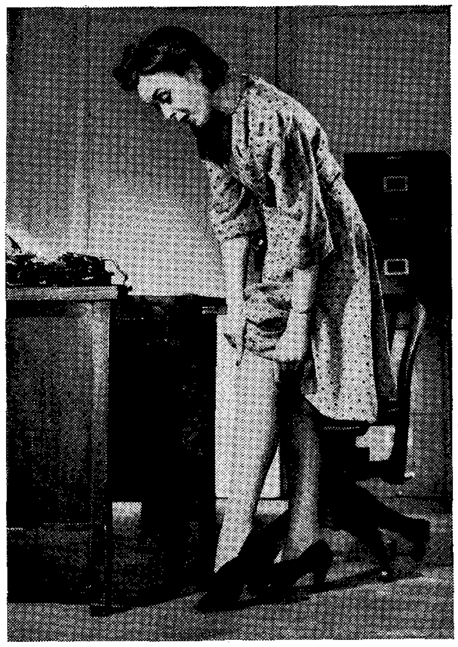

The "knee-cap clutch"—necessary when stockings droop, but no way to make them last. If your stockings go "pop" too easily, try Cannon's! Beautifully sheer, but they'll have fewer "mystery" runs, because Cannon's air-pressure machine inspects every pair—rejects any showing the slightest flaw!

Only *perfect* hosiery comes from Cannon—full-fashioned, flawless, triple-inspected.

Cannon Hosiery made of Silk, in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to $1.00. Cannon Hosiery made of Nylon, $1.35 and up. By makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets.

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BOLTON LANDING, N. Y. (SUMMER SEASON)

you already own. Turbans at this shop are likely to be high and wide in front and low in back; one of black and dusty-pink taffeta ribbon is wonderfully draped. Then there is a half-hat, which consists of nothing but a flaring felt bow at the top of a wide felt band which clamps over the head from ear to ear, just like a telephone headpiece, and does away with the need of back elastics. Youthful off-the-face temptations for pretty matrons include a square cap of navy belting with white piping, very Sonja Henie, and another of the same shape and material that has red facing and red marabou rising from the dead centre, like the plumes on circus horses. All these are custom-made.

THE time to order that suit you intend to live in all spring should be now, before the rush starts. If you are a girl who respects expert masculine criticism and likes suits strictly tailored, it is advisable to consult a man's tailor who will make your collars fit your neck as neatly as your best beau's do his and will give you that easy feeling through the shoulders no matter how you wave your arms about, which remains a man's tailor's exclusive knack. Frank De Gez, at 46 West 48th Street, is one such expert. He is equipped with all kinds of fabrics—gabardines, English flannels, fine wale corduroys, and tropical worsteds, besides imported wools and tweeds that are more along regulation male lines. He is also amiable about making up a suit of your own especially cherished material. He tailors his things for women exactly as he does a man's, with inside pockets and all. (He's baffled by the fact that his women clients adore inside pockets but have never been known to put a thing in them.) He likes his jackets longish and decries all but straight skirts for strictly tailored costumes. To go with slacks, he makes jackets of the old-fashioned four-button Brooks schoolboy type, sometimes with short sleeves. Suits start at about $75, and, to judge from his clients' reports, he is a good man to try if you haven't a favorite tailor of your own. If what we hear is true, few women have one.

FOREHANDED people on the alert for spring trinkets, and lovers of antique tidbits in general, should go crazy over Old Buttons, at 50 East 56th Street. As the name implies, it's a shop full of buttons—every kind of button you can think of, and you'll see many which you'll want to make into earrings or cuff links or lapel pins, for they have a charm that no junk jewelry

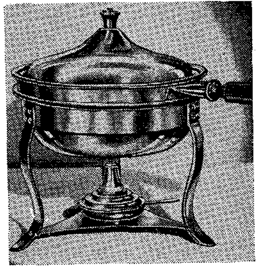
Linen
Lace

Imported from France, in white, with bands of green taffeta silhouetting the skirt and bodice. Also, beige and salmon with contrasting colors.

Sizes 10 to 40.
$135.00

KATHLEEN inc.
118 E. 60th Street, New York City

THE FRENCH CUISINE
Equipment Shop



Chafing Dish

Here's the most useful and practical article for your dinner parties. A 3-pint highly polished, pure copper, chafing dish with alcohol lamp $13.50

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OF MEN
Not "sissy" pretty things,
But like MEN!!

can approach. Prices are astoundingly reasonable; bone buttons with calico patterns, for instance, like the ones great-grandmothers used to have on their underwear, are ten cents each. There are dull brass buttons with sporting motifs, campaign buttons dating as far back as Abraham Lincoln, and miniature glass-paperweight buttons with pink roses inside. The stock changes rapidly and usually includes everything, from just decorative bits to collectors' items.—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Double Duty

A PHILOSOPHICAL Viennese importer who kept a shop here fifteen years or so ago used to tell about some small brass ducks which he once bought abroad, innocently thinking they would fascinate his New York clientele, only to find that the little creatures aroused nothing but suspicion hereabouts. "But what do they *do?*" people asked, and the man was stuck with his ducks until he hit upon the idea of selling them in pairs as pencil rests for desks, after which they went fine. If he were around today, he would probably be amused to learn that the same sort of idea is likely to create a new decorating rage.

It is wonderful to watch the pride of shopkeepers all over town as they show the stunts their new furniture will do—some extra thing you're not apt to notice at first glance. There are any number of trick pieces around, several of them decorative and sometimes useful enough in their own right.

Everett Gray Linsley, whose shop faces you as you enter Ardlea Court at 170 East 51st Street, has a two-tiered cocktail, tea, or coffee table which is an exact copy of one of those giant Sheraton dumbwaiters, or Lazy Susans, except that it is mounted on a substantial twelve-inch pedestal. You may guess what the trick is: both tiers revolve when you push them, though not with the breakneck speed of some of the modern ball-bearing tops on which you set down a drink at the risk of having it whizzed instantly out of reach, perhaps never to return. These spin at a leisurely, almost stately pace, which makes serving a lot easier, besides providing just as much conversation as the other kind. This table comes in mahogany for $65 in the conventional dark tone or $70 bleached.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, has three entries. One is a chairside table with spraddling legs suggesting American Colonial origin. Its top is half table surface—adequate for holding

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HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW
"It's the flavour"

"Here's tae th' kilt
An' th' loch an' th' heather;
Here's tae th' friends
Ne'er known as 'fair-weather'."

No fair-weather friend is Teacher's Scotch. Whatever your mood, this gracious whisky shares with you its own fine quality of companionship . . .

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY
Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
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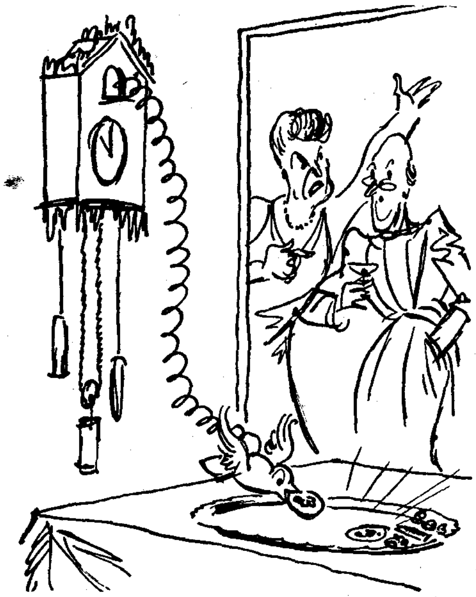

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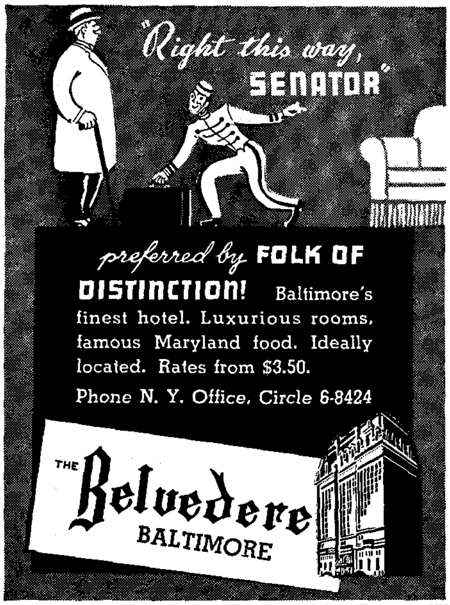
Made by the makers of Underwood Deviled Ham



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THE SKILAND OF AMERICA

a lamp and ashtray—and half covered box, in which are two old-fashioned woolwinders and an ample trough for your knitting. This piece has been done in mahogany for $55, and may be made up in any other wood (pine should be especially good) in about a week's time. Then there's a collection of rare old Lowestoft platters mounted on stands to hold canapés, teacakes, or drinks, or act as a kind of community ashtray. The trick is that the platter can be removed and used as a platter, in which case the stand becomes a presentable small table. Most of these are around $85. Finally, that end table made out of library steps, which was highly successful last year both at the Marks shop and elsewhere, has been fixed up to house a radio behind grillwork doors under the top step. It makes one of the most pleasing and deceptive small radio cabinets—if you believe in deceptive radios—to be found anywhere; $85.

At Curtis, the custom furniture place at 642 Sixth Avenue (20th), salesmen love to demonstrate the surprise mechanism of a group of deep-seated club chairs called Loungers. Some are better-looking than others, but all have one *thing in common*—a cushioned back which adjusts itself to the preference of the sitter. Shoulder pressure determines the tilt of this back when you sit down (a good, hard push will make it go right down flat); springs bring it forward again when you sit up and even help to boost you on your feet. The mechanism is invisible, which places the Lounger two up on its hand-adjusted ancestor, the Morris chair. The Lounger, covered, starts at around $70. Curtis can also show you a small, neat mahogany commode, undistinguished except for, of all things, a fireproof safe concealed by two fake drawers. The top of the commode lifts up like the cover of a gramophone to let you get at the safe; $39.50 for the whole works. For the further confusion of burglars, you can buy a mate to this which really *is* a commode and nothing more; $24.50. A third brainstorm at this house has produced an inexpensive triple-duty piece in maple or mahogany. It's designed to look like a chest-on-chest. A drop front in the upper half opens to reveal space planned for writing-desk or makeup-table use, or, in a pinch, both. The chest is wired, so the makeup or shaving mirror at the back can be lighted. There is also quite a lot of drawer space above and below the drop-front section. The whole chest may be locked with a turn of a key. With all this, you won't of course expect museum-piece quality for $49.50.

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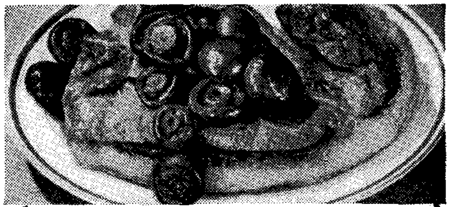

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ANCORA GREEN TURTLE SOUP

Honest, if not heirloom, worth appears, too, in a mahogany commode you can turn into a dressing table which is perfect for a smallish room. This is at Reits, a glassware store at 613 Lexington Avenue (53rd). The little thing is compact and practical as can be, with a lift-up top that has a mirror on its underside. The owner sits before this as if it were a real full-size poudreuse while she uses the array of makeup and manicure tools that come into view when the top goes up. The mirror is lighted, there's a plug for an electric hair-curler, and down below is a drawer made to hold cleansing tissues. The piece really wouldn't be bad as a sofa table in cramped quarters, and it could be useful in a guest bathroom or dressing closet, too. Reits sells it for $21.50.

SINCE it's too early to suspect that incipient spring is in the air, inquiries about that repair place which gets mentioned here from time to time can only indicate uncommonly heavy holiday toll among household goods, some of it only now coming to light. The name, anyway, is Repairs, Inc., at 20 East 57th Street. They fix clocks, musical instruments, scarred table tops, and carpets with cigarette burns in them. They can also do all the hard things, like mending tortoiseshell, old lace, damaged paintings, and bric-a-brac that's broken into anything short of fragments; if it's a rare old piece, worth the trouble, they'll attack even scraps that look like a jigsaw puzzle. It is very difficult to stump Repairs, Inc.; indeed, I don't know that it ever has been done.

DOROTHY DRAPER'S new book, "Entertaining Is Fun!," is even more convincing than her first, "Decorating Is Fun!," which a couple of years ago made an astonishing lot of women think they were as good decorators as anyone else. When you reach the end of this second volume, you'll want to get right up and give a party, but since a party lasts only a few hours and generally can be forgotten by everybody concerned in a couple of weeks, "Entertaining Is Fun!" should prove a far less dangerous book than its forerunner to loose on the public.

—B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Plain and Wholesome

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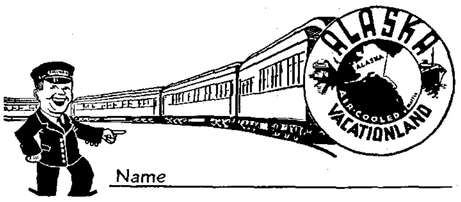
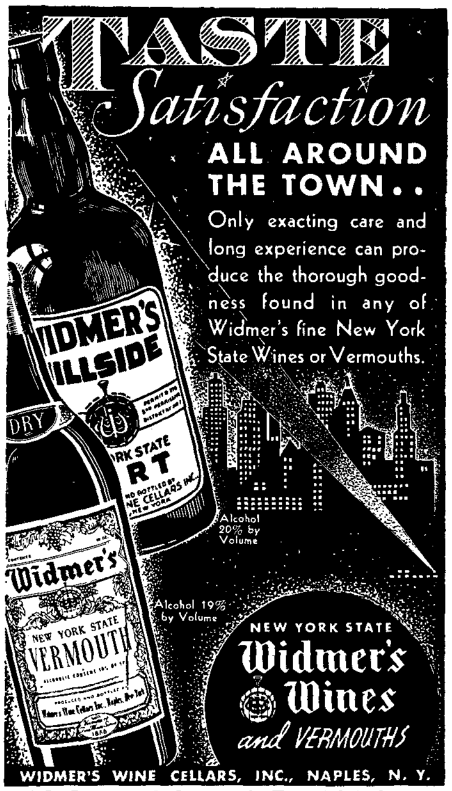


Name
Address
City State

en who sit down to a simple, well-cooked meal at their own tables was too remote to fool with. All the same, in spite of the fact that I never hear those authorities speak with feeling of such unfestive provender as, say, a fresh egg, I venture to submit a report on this and other homely matters, hoping it will be useful to the few ladies among us who don't think of themselves exclusively as hostesses.

Most first-class markets carry eggs that are good and fresh—anywhere from three to five days old—and a number of shops guarantee them to be only one day old. Among the one-day places are the four food shops of the Consumers' Coöperative Service, at 54 Irving Place (19th), 57 West 10th Street, 40 East 40th Street, and 136 East 44th Street. Joseph Strunk, at 1027 First Avenue (56th), also carries day-old eggs. For egg-fanciers who are finicky without being fanatical and who don't find any of these places convenient, Eddie's Poultry Farms, at 1110 Park Avenue (90th), sells lovely fresh eggs that are about two days old.

Anyone who has ever wondered regretfully why those delicate, homemade noodles which do so much to improve a mellow chicken consommé are such rarities in most homes should realize that it is because no woman with a grain of sense is going to risk domestic peace by asking her kitchen treasure to make them very often, and it's only the treasures who know how. Now the situation has changed and patient, skillful, paste-rolling cooks will go into their fine frenzies in kitchens that are not yours, making it possible for you to buy (for the first time, so far as I am aware) homemade noodles which are worthy of your cook's suavest broth. They're sold at Trade Winds, 56 East 55th Street, and anybody who knows how one single cold-storage egg can ruin a whole batch of noodles will be reassured to learn that only the freshest materials are used in making them. Trade Winds also has perfectly delicious small-sized *Schnecken* that are just right for a comfortable tea at home or for Sunday supper with coffee. I know precious little about German cooking, but one thing I do know is that *Schnecken* should be made with almonds—it always offends my sense of propriety to see them strewed with pecans, as they almost always are in this town—and I am pleased to note that Trade Winds will make *Schnecken* with almonds if you like them that way. Unquestionably, the talented German and Austrian refugee cooks who serve this shop have given a much-needed lift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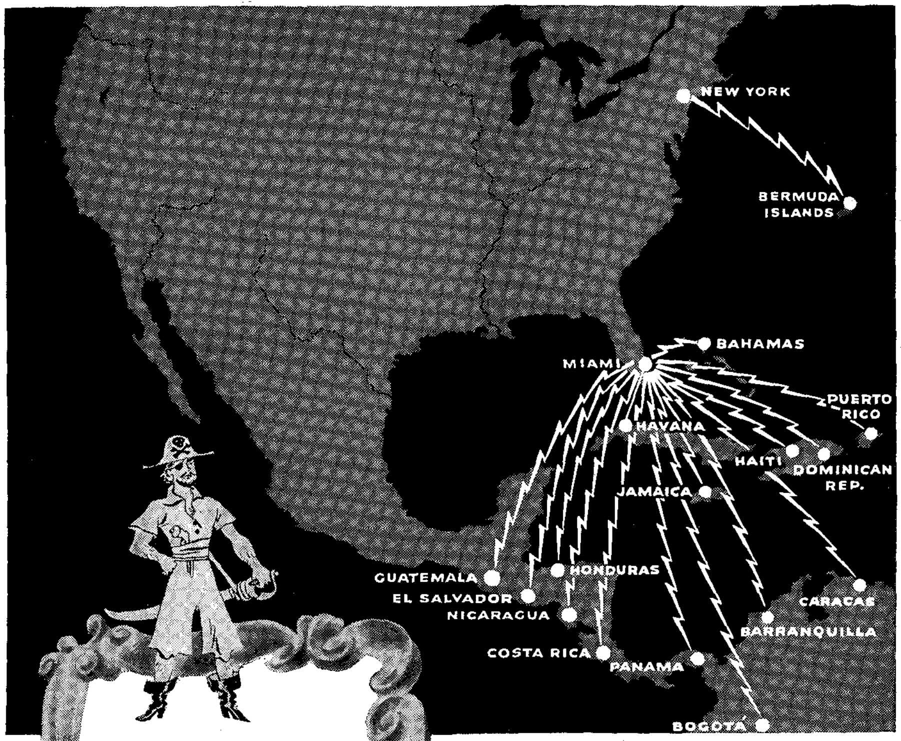
to our local standards in pastry-making.

Elizabeth Thompson, at 149 East 40th Street, does a small catering business that should be a comfort to people who have a taste for the simpler American home specialties. Corned-beef hash, boiled New England dinner, rice pudding, gingerbread, and other dishes, which call for painstaking care and the use of honest materials rather than for any flight of culinary imagination, are what this conscientious cook does best. She also makes unusually good Scotch gingersnaps, which are crisp and chewy at one and the same time, and a fluffy German coffeecake (not made with yeast) which you can have delivered to your home on Sunday morning just as you're starting a late breakfast. Very nice tea rolls and good bran bread can also be had from this woman. As her modest business is conducted in her apartment, and nothing is on display, you will probably want to know the telephone number—Murray Hill 5-4568. Orders under a dollar must be called for.

THE long pull between Christmas and spring vacation is the time when boys and girls away at boarding school are likely to start feeling sorry for themselves, which may make indulgent relatives glad to learn of a service by Antoinette, the competent home caterer at 333 East 53rd Street, who makes up treat boxes of food for the absent young. This sensible woman advises against sending one overly lavish box and suggests, instead, that you order two or three more restrained presents, to be sent at weekly or monthly intervals. The cost of a fine roasted chicken, followed by a delicious fresh coconut cake and later by a box of brownies and cookies, is just about the same as the price of one great, extravagant collection of indigestibles, and as Antoinette takes all responsibility for mailing and remembering dates of shipment, the idea works out very nicely.

POTATO chips can be among the most satisfactory things to nibble with a Martini, but they can also be (and often are) simply terrible. For that reason I am glad to pass on news of some very good chips made by a Long Island woman and sold at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), at Reuben's, 6 East 58th Street, and at the delicatessen of William Poll, 1120 Lexington Ave-



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nue (78th). Extremely superior potato chips may be ordered, too, from any Schrafft's, but the hitch here is that you have to make up your mind about wanting them a day ahead of time. It would be nice if Schrafft's could encourage unscheduled hankerings for its fine chips by keeping them on hand all the time.

Other simple pleasures which I have found here and there include an exceptionally fine compote of red raspberries, put up by the Old Manse Gardens in Jersey and sold at Macy's, Gristede's, and at good delicatessens all over town, and some unusually fresh-tasting canned peaches which are to be obtained at the shops of the Consumers' Coöperative Service. . . . The Blue Pacific brand of smoked-fish pastes—salmon, tuna, sardine, etc.—is available pretty nearly everywhere and makes very nice emergency canapé spreads, which are especially welcome now that imported fish pastes are getting rarer and rarer. . . . Before the season for Sunday buckwheats is over, maybe you had better be reminded of the pure buckwheat flour which is ground in an old water mill for Pepperidge Farms and can be ordered wherever the excellent Pepperidge bread is sold.

HOSTESSES who have been able to plod through this report on small housewifely concerns will be rewarded at this point by word of a perfectly magnificent sweet called Chestnut Frou Frou, which can be ordered from Dean's, at 73 East 57th Street. This lovely dish is more or less our old friend Monte Bianco, which Italian cooks make so cleverly out of chestnuts and whipped cream, and which, under the name of Mont Blanc, is so often mistreated by French ones. Dean's pastry cook, whose success with this confection convinces me he must be Italian, has added thin meringue fingers and an elusive dash of liqueur to the classic Monte Bianco, and if that delicious concoction could possibly be improved, these extra touches have done it. Certainly it is a far handsomer dish than its Italian prototype and, moreover, it has the advantage of possessing a flavor delicate enough not to overpower a fine Sauternes—a rare quality in elaborate desserts. —S. H.

•

SNOW FLURRY

Crystals gather on my glove,
Geometrically spare,
All of Euclid fashioned of
Ice and air.

—GERALD RAFTERY

THE RACE TRACK

Those Three-Year-Olds

DISPOSE brought up a number of arguments by winning the Bahamas Handicap at Hialeah last weekend. Those who have always insisted that thoroughbreds thrive better in the cooler climate of the Carolinas regarded the result as a personal triumph, because Dispose was brought down to Miami from Columbia, South Carolina, only two days before the race. Some second-guessers were quite as positive that where he trained had nothing to do with it, and said that, in view of his performance at Empire City last fall, anyone should have been able to see he was going to be a good thing. Still others, and these were in the majority, complained that he had the best of a bad start. Whatever it was, Dispose, who was sleeker and handsomer than any of the rest of the fifteen runners, led all the way, doing the seven furlongs in 1:22⅖, which is only two-fifths of a second slower than the world's record.

Now, I suspect, Dispose will be the favorite for the Flamingo Stakes; that is, if Whirlaway doesn't run in it, and Whirlaway won't unless his trainer changes his mind. Aside from my practically unbounded admiration for Dispose, I have a feeling that he isn't going to win any classics this season. I might also remark that the Flamingo isn't a classic and won't take much winning.

In other and less cagey words, most of the three-year-olds at Miami are nothing extra. For instance, Curious Coin can run fast, but not far. Battle Colors may run far, but he won't run fast. The six races Zacatine won before he was beaten so badly in the Bahamas don't entitle him to a high rating. The Rhymer, whose life was saved by a blood transfusion when he had pneumonia last year, ran well the other day but hadn't much to beat. The Wheatley Stable wouldn't have sold Fettacairn to the Tower Stable if there had been a chance of his developing into another Seabiscuit. Clarksville, whose dam was a farm horse, has too romantic a background and is too fussy about wearing blinkers. Finally, lots of people believe that a better name for Blenweed would be Locoweed.

GOOD TURN, the colt who last summer finished second so many times that horseplayers wanted to rechristen him too (I don't recall the name they had in mind but I'm sure it wasn't complimentary), seems to have developed into a money-spinner for Alfred Vanderbilt at Santa Anita. He's won $15,950 in four starts this year. Last weekend he beat Porter's Cap, Bull Reigh, Blensign, Nasca, Magnificent, and a dozen less important three-year-olds in the San Vicente Handicap, and now he's the rather obvious tip for the Santa Anita Derby. I don't believe he's in The Preakness, though, and perhaps it's just as well, for he'd probably finish second.

The Santa Anita Handicap seems to be losing its big-name horses. Kayak II hit a tendon, and won't run, and Challedon has heel trouble. Oh well, even if Challedon doesn't start, someone will whip up a race for him so that he can be called the horse of the year for 1941.

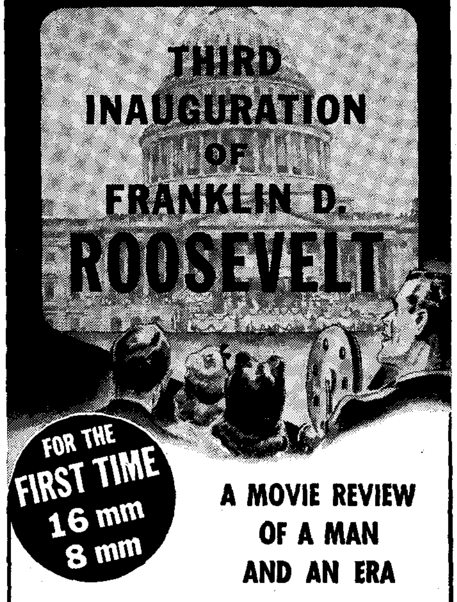
They're also off and running at Golden Gate Park, across the bay from San Francisco. Of course you noticed that one of the winners on the opening day of the meeting, which had been delayed thirty-three days by rains, was an animal named Cloudy Weather.

AT the beginning of the season at Hialeah, I remarked that some of the stall doors in the new magnetic-control starting gate weren't opening as quickly as others. As you can imagine, there was great to-do over the situation. Maybe you'd like to know what was done about it. Well, the track's electrician fussed with the gate, and there were telephone calls to Doc Strub of Santa Anita, who had sold it to the Miami Jockey Club for $11,800, f.o.b. Los Angeles, and at last the Westinghouse Company, which had made the contraption, sent one of its best engineers by plane to Hialeah. The engineer simply took a rag and cleaned the contact points of the magnets that control the stall doors (they'd been heavily greased when the gate was packed for shipment), and everything has worked first rate ever since. —AUDAX MINOR

•

She saw her favorite dog sacrificed in a blizzard; her closest girl-friends were frozen to death close to their camp. It was a hard life, but happy.—*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune.*

Almost gay.



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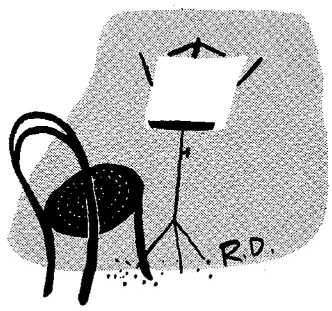
MUSICAL EVENTS

Wagner

ONE of the year's most important musical events is a book that was published this week: the third volume of Ernest Newman's "The Life of Richard Wagner." The latest installment of this great enterprise picks up the composer in 1859, at the outset of his second Parisian venture, and leaves him with Cosima von Bülow in Triebschen in 1866. It is a story of many threads—musical progress, operatic politics, marital melees, financial finagling, intricate intrigues at the court of King Ludwig II of Bavaria, and dozens of other elements involving the public and private career of a genius. Mr. Newman traces all of these threads and combines them into a clear and brilliant pattern. Even those who have no truck with music and musicians will find this volume of nearly six hundred pages fascinating reading, both as biography and as a masterpiece of scholarly detective work.



Documentary material on Wagner evidently is inexhaustible. More of it becomes available constantly, and the more is not the merrier for the biographer. "Even as regards the mere establishment of facts," remarks Mr. Newman in his foreword, "a multiplicity of documents often merely increases dubiety instead of diminishing it." In the case of Wagner, the documents frequently have been issued by editors who had various interests to serve or theories to prove, and Mr. Newman has had to pick such documents to pieces and put the pieces together again to construct the truth. His analysis, correlation, and appraisal of scores of books and letters are something of a miracle.

This achievement has required Mr. Newman to be more than a consummate sleuth among confusing, contradictory, and sometimes crooked literature. He has also had to be a linguist, an accountant, and a psychiatrist to straighten out the epistolary, business, and human snarls that made up so much of Wagner's life. In all of these capacities he has been successful. We learn not only the contents of certain letters but what those letters actually meant, even when the writers of them were giving the language a beating. We are able to follow the intricacies of Wagner's peculiar fiscal transactions with publishers, noblemen, friends, and other possible sources of revenue. We are given a fair-minded view of many people who, Mr. Newman makes it clear, weren't at all what popular tradition says they were.

Maybe this sounds as if there isn't much about Wagner as a musician in the volume. That isn't so. The discussion of "Die Meistersinger," on which Wagner was working in some of the years Mr. Newman covers, is only one of many valuable contributions to Wagnerian criticism. "Monumental" is the adjective that has been applied to the preceding two installments, and this one is all of that. Only I think I'd prefer "living" to "monumental."

THE Metropolitan's first "Götterdämmerung" of the season was always spirited and often impressive, although it derived its virtues more from individual efforts than from teamwork. Mme. Kirsten Flagstad's Brünnhilde, after the first scene, was a performance that spectators will be able to describe effusively to their descendants without telling lies. In casting up the account of Mme. Flagstad's assets, one shouldn't underestimate the value of her diction. In addition to being remarkably distinct, she does much of her acting with her unaffected coloring of the words.

The evening's Grane, Brünnhilde's horse, seemed rather temperamental, remaining out of sight until the last act. (Maybe she hadn't bothered to take a look at the libretto.) She was lively enough, though, when she finally showed up, and joined the audience in obvious admiration of Mme. Flagstad's high notes.

ADD to the rapidly growing list of worth-while small ensembles around the town the Saidenberg Little Symphony, a first-rate group, ably led by Daniel Saidenberg. Mr. Saidenberg, at his Town Hall début, turned out to be an efficient conductor and an ingenious program-maker, including in his doings the first performance of Aaron Copland's "Quiet City," a concise and

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Decades of Sobs

LIFELONG love, and every moment of it anguish—such is the essence of the second version now contrived from Fannie Hurst's ancient "Back Street." A great many people, I am quite sure, are bound to revel in all the pain and torture of the romance. Ladies should adore the tragedy—the tragedy and the clothes, too, for the clothes (the petticoats of 1898 and the feather boas and the hats with bushels of garden produce arranged upon them and about them) are a feature to be noted here, though what is to be most definitely noticed is how they are worn by Margaret Sullavan. It's Miss Sullavan, clearly, who not only wears the beautiful clothes, clothes designed by Muriel King for the most part, but, in wearing them, carries along the whole picture. An expert in the display of heartbreak in its more graceful manifestations, Miss Sullavan has never before been so appealing, and whenever she is before you on the screen, you won't lean toward any quizzical modernist attitude as to the veracity of the story or feel any exhaustion from the long groan it turns out to be.

At the commencement there is, to be sure, that snack of comedy about the horseless carriage which the movie people so often employ when they are busy with the period of the late nineties or of the beginning of the century. It's the preliminary to the grief that prevails throughout the rest of the picture, and my advice to those going to the film would be to relish it to the full, as it's their last laugh. The moment love enters, and it's on the scene soon, I assure you there's no laughter. Before love is launched, there is early Cincinnati landscape of some charm, and the flirtations of travelling salesmen with the pretty, gay girl of the locality are indicated vivaciously but with propriety. Perhaps the whole opening is desultory and casual. Not until the lovers fail to make their critical rendezvous and the tears start to flow does the story truly begin. Woe itself, misery in person, Margaret Sullavan stands on the dock and sees the boat she has missed, through a grotesque misadventure, carry her lover down the river. Pictorially, the treatment of the scene is perfect, though far from Miss Hurst's original scrupulous analysis. It sets the mood for the following reels and the exposition of the decades of unhappy, unwedded devotion. When the two meet again our heroine's lover is married, and she consents to the ambiguous relationship he offers, an unnecessarily uncomfortable relationship, one thinks these days. Much alone and much in love, she sobs away the years, known to all as the mystery woman in his life; known to all, I mean, except his wife, who has never heard of her, being evidently a woman curiously without friends. Death separates the lovers at last—a rather awkward scene, this of their parting over the telephone, a death rattle on the wire.

Charles Boyer is the lover of the piece, pretty much a cad throughout by the standards of the romantics. It is a weakness of the plot, I feel, that he must be so unprovocative of loyalty, and another weakness is his French accent, which seems incongruous in a Wall Street banker who has come on from the Middle West and made good. Frank McHugh and Richard Carlson are among the other men in the story, but they are placed, sad and virtuous, on the sidelines.

ASIDE from a slight mystery movie, "The Saint in Palm Springs," from the Leslie Charteris series, there is little else that's new. "Hatred," a Harry Baur thing, is another of the inexhaustible French stock of films which, I suspect, weren't formerly thought worth bothering about by American importers. The study of a French couple deplorably mismated is helped a great deal by Gabrielle Dorziat in an expert performance as the wife, but the action of the story is confused and the later scenes are altogether out of key. M. Baur presents himself as a tough sea captain full of hate for his precise and ladylike spouse, and handles the characterization as well as he can in something so dubiously written and arranged. —JOHN MOSHER

•

The couple departed Thursday morning for San Francisco, Calif., on a honeymoon trip accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Gillilan and children, Artie and Lee, Donald Burge, Mrs. Ester Moury and Mr. and Mrs. Jess Nickerson, all relatives of the bride who have been visiting in Paradise the past two weeks.—*California paper.*

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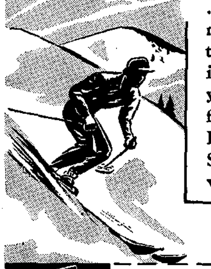

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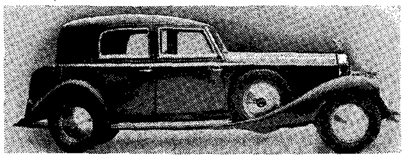

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MY MOTHER DEFENDS BRITISH FAUNA

MY mother, who lives in Montreal, has a passion for clipping pieces out of British periodicals and sending them to her family. Each letter I receive from her is accompanied by a sheaf of cuttings, and I have come to know on sight whether an enclosure has been taken from *Punch*, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, *Mayfair*, or *MacLean's Magazine*. These are my mother's favorite periodicals, but now and then she surprises me with a cutting that has obviously come from a sportsmen's quarterly or a scientific or trade journal. How my mother gets these singular magazines I do not know. They may be passed along to her by friends, but I incline to the view that she takes her scissors to the dentist's office and works in his outer room as she waits. She has been having some bridgework done lately, and coincident with this I have been getting a strange assortment of clippings about the effects of the war on the wild life of Great Britain.

The first cutting regarding British fauna was a paragraph saying, "The use of sand dunes and lonely islands in the coastal defences and of rural districts for training the Army has considerably disturbed the nesting haunts or sanctuaries of uncommon species of wild life, particularly birds, more so than the building of factories in rural areas, and this may have a permanent effect in further reducing the nesting population of terns, water fowls, and waders."

"What next!" my mother wrote on the margin. "Even our *wild life* is being disturbed by that unspeakable Hitler! Englishmen will never stand *this!*"

My mother is no sportswoman and would certainly not recognize a tern, a water fowl, or a wader if she saw one, but the thought that these thoroughly British birds were being threatened proved more than she could endure. Scissors in hand, she went thoroughly into the subject.

The next clipping said, "Both in the last war (especially during Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign in 1917) and now, gulls, cormorants, and other sea birds are suffering greatly increased casualties from oil. The oil escaping from sinking vessels, some of which have been tankers, has done deadly work; hundreds of victims, still alive but doomed, have been washed up on the shores of Britain."

My mother outlined this paragraph in red pencil before she cut it out. "Gulls have never seemed *attractive* birds to me," she wrote, "but God put them on earth for some good reason and it is not for that unspeakable Hitler to destroy them."

A few days later my mother was lucky enough to discover the reason for which God had put gulls on earth, and she hastened to send me the news. These birds, a clipping said, were attracted to mines and submarines, and during the last war many British ships were saved from striking drifting mines by gulls; the birds perched on the mines and thus advertised their presence. It was even suggested that gulls should be trained as U-boat detectors by being fed from submarines. "This should be encouraged," said my mother firmly, "and I have written to the *Manchester Guardian* about it."

The effect of air raids on animals in the British zoos attracted my mother next, and she found several paragraphs on this subject. A special correspondent of the London *Times* wrote that "some very interesting reports have come in from the Maidstone Zoo. In general the experience there has been the same as in London—the animals show no reaction to the most violent air activity or anti-aircraft fire. Two chimpanzees, however, though they do not mind the guns, stamp and shriek at the sound of the siren. And of the two emus, one is indifferent to noise, but the other gets so excited at the sound of the anti-aircraft guns and rushes about so violently that fears are entertained for his safety."

My mother had no comment to make on this item, feeling, no doubt, that the emu's safety was assured if a correspondent of the London *Times* was keeping an eye on him.

WHILE highly indignant over the disturbing effect of the war on British wild life, my mother found compensating delight in an article (which she forwarded to me) that dealt with the decrease of the peacock butterfly in Germany.

"Butterflies," the article said, "are not often killed in action, but all the same this decline in the peacock butterfly can be traced directly to the war, and, accurately enough, to the war at sea. The connection between the blockade and the butterfly is simply this: the nettle is the favorite nourishment of the peacock's caterpillar; it is in the nettlebeds, therefore, that the butterfly is wont to lay its eggs. I need hardly point out that a demand for nettles by German manufacturers means that what had hitherto been merely a weed, and a noxious weed at that, was transformed into a plant of commercial value; so instead of affording nourishment to caterpillars, nettlebeds all over the country are cut down and their harvest dispatched to the factory, to be worked into substitute towels and tablecloths."

"Good!" my mother wrote in the margin of this item. "Let them wipe their faces on towels made of *nettles!*"

—Marion Sturges-Jones

●

AH, LINGER, INGA

Inga Wank, contralto, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. She sang the Gesang der Waltraute from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung."—*The Times.*

From Amarillo to the Bronx,
From Maine to Palo Alto,
There is no voice like Inga Wank's
Wagnerian contralto.
My senses reel, my heart goes plonk,
My thoughts like birds are winging
When I consider Madame Wank
Or muse on Inga, singing.
Let tenors trill or basses honk,
Sopranos please the *young* girl.
I place my bets on Inga Wank,
The "Goetterdaemmerung" girl.

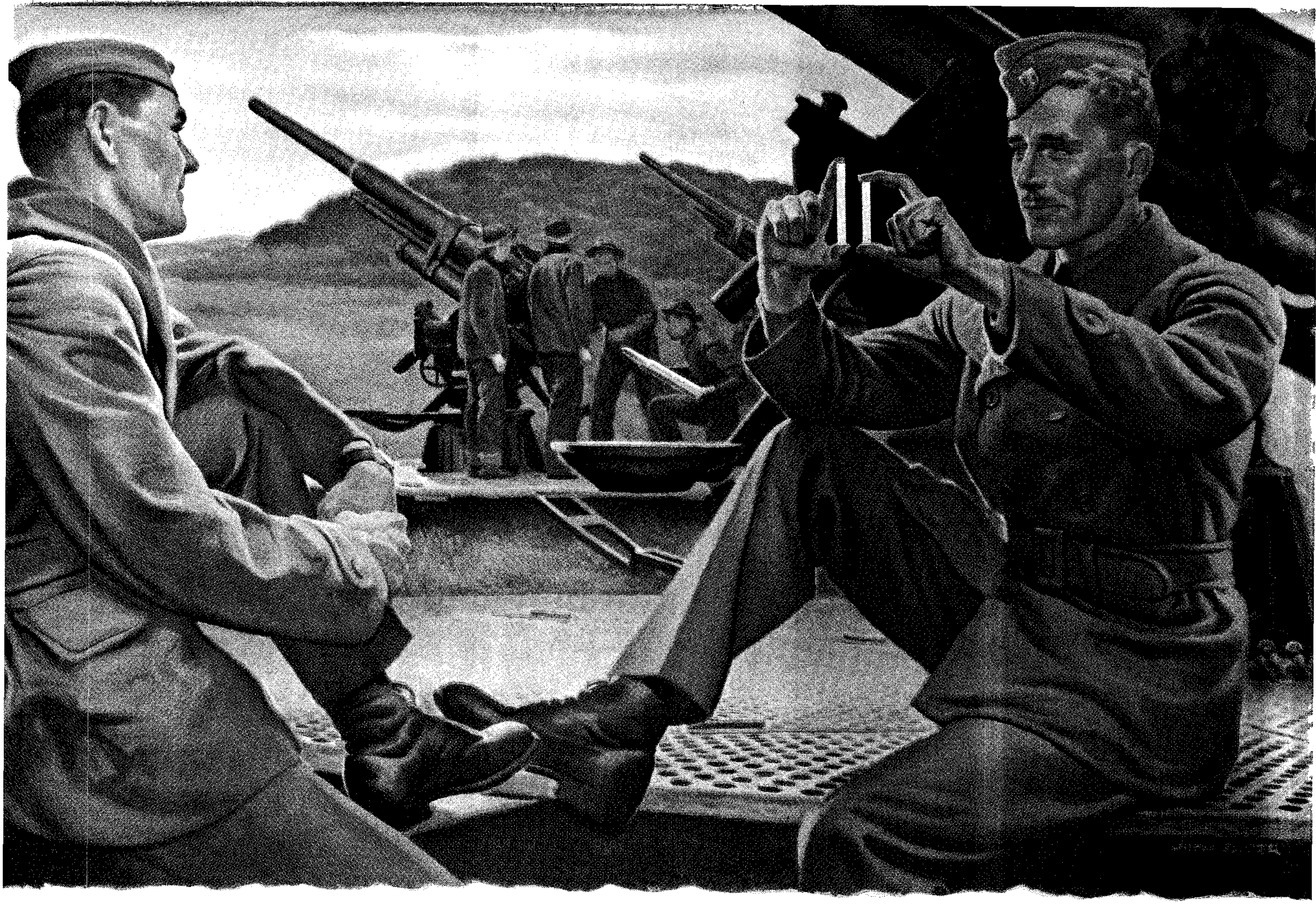
But wait! My palms grow moist and dank.
Perhaps she's really Inga Wănk.

—Phyllis McGinley

●

There will be a women's R-Day in Pasadena early in 1941! . . . On this day, every woman in Pasadena will be given an opportunity to register voluntarily for service. . . . Women will be privileged to show their willingness to continue giving the kind of service women have given all through history, only giving it better.—*Pasadena Post.*

See you on R-Day, Baby.



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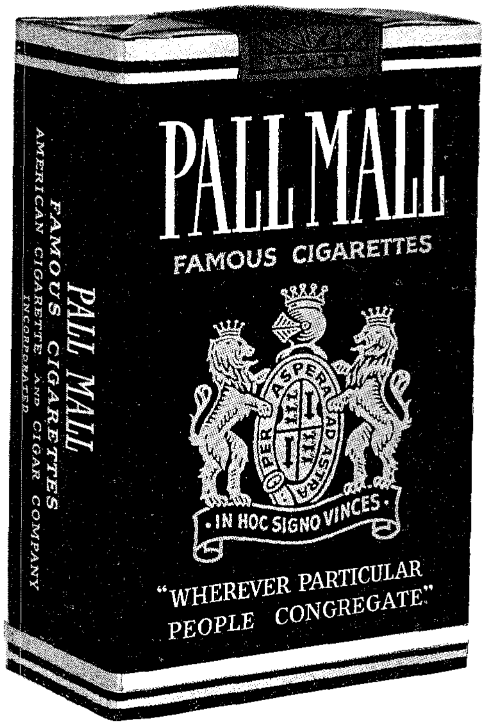
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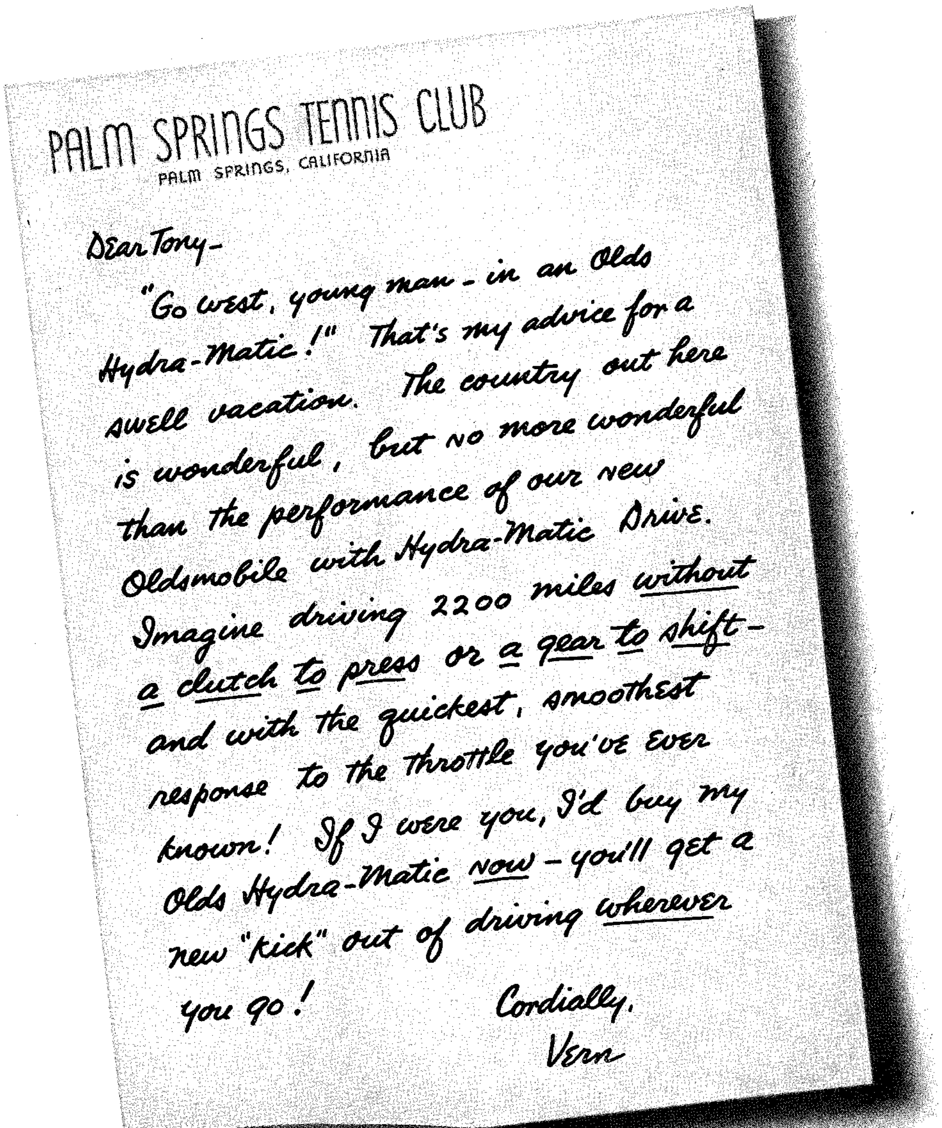

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Cordially,
Vern

BOOKS

Romains IX

JULES ROMAINS'S "Aftermath," ninth in the series of "Men of Good Will," is a letdown from the magnificences of his "Verdun." We might as well be fair, however; it is also a welcome relief after the dubious "Seven Mysteries of Europe," about which the less said the better. Part of "Aftermath" is pretty dull, particularly its second volume, "The Sweets of Life." I announce this with regret; *indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

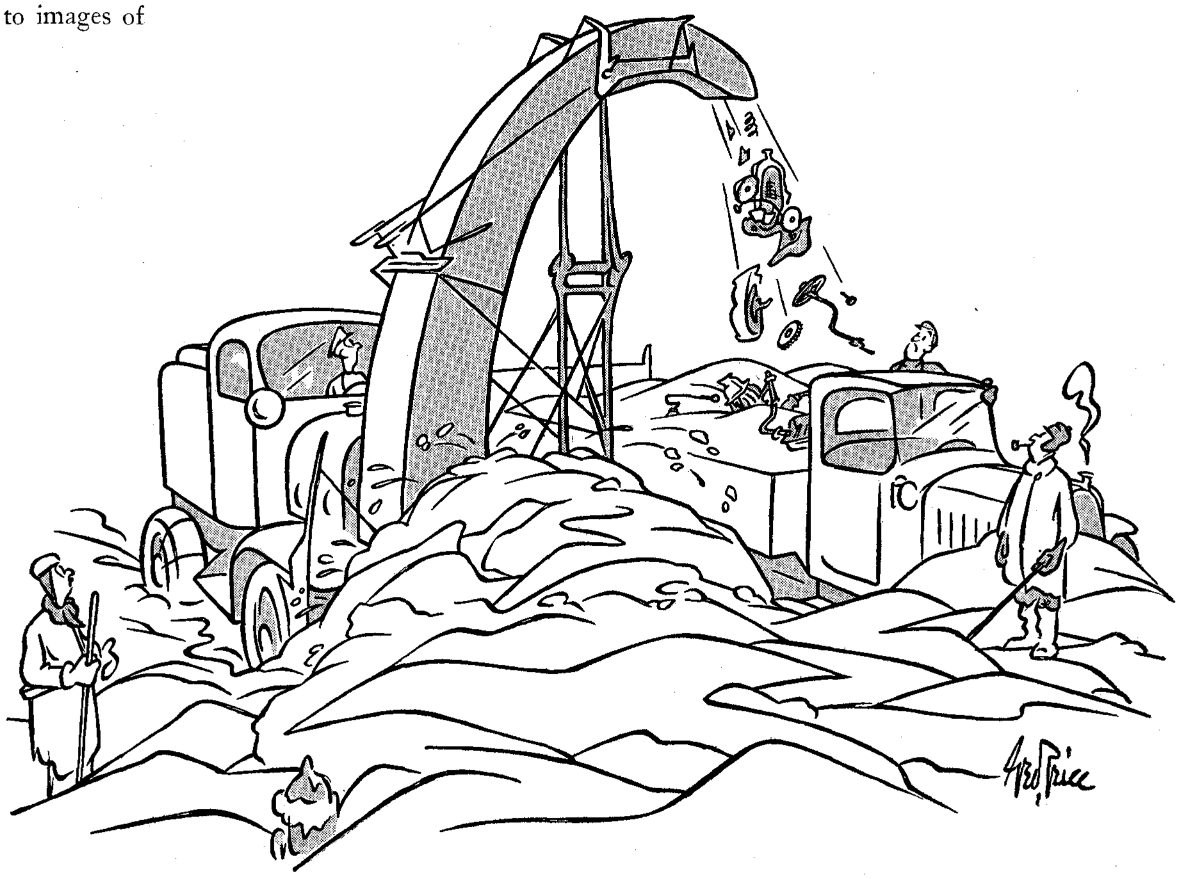
However, Mr. Romains is not precisely nodding in the first half of "Aftermath," which is a dadaist crime thriller of great sophistication, even though over-elaborated. Here we again meet our old friend Quinette, the homicidal bookseller we first encountered eight volumes back. There's no penalty for not remembering. Quinette is a murder-for-murder's-saker. He is an aesthetic killer. So far he has avoided detection. On the principle that it takes an artist to catch an artist, Romains now introduces a weird character named Vorge, a dadaist poet whose fantastic imagination is given over to images of destruction, sadism, murder, and insanity. In the quiet, unobtrusive bookseller, Vorge's intuition recognizes a kindred spirit. A curious resemblance between the professional techniques of Quinette and Landru helps to confirm Vorge's suspicions. Romains devotes a couple of hundred pages to the manner in which Vorge establishes his domination over Quinette and, in order to surprise a confession from him, himself attempts a peculiarly horrible murder on a beautiful client who visits Quinette's bookshop. This sounds altogether *outré*, but I assure you the whole narrative has a strange, chilling logic. The fantasies of Vorge are alone almost worth the price of admission, particularly the uncanny tale of the three hundred and sixty-five subterranean apartments which, known to but a few initiates, thread the length of Paris like a tunnel. (Not *really*.)

The Vorge-Quinette story, I think, is intended to carry a certain weight of symbolism. The nihilist disintegration of conscience after the first World War is reflected in Vorge and his circle. They represent the eccentric, the "art" form of the will to death which the Fascists have organized and exploited in political and military patterns.

The second half of the book is disappointing. It deals mainly with a lyrical love affair between the introspective Jallez and a little maiden of the people, Antonia. There's too much pedantic soul-searching on Jallez's part to please our downright American tastes, I fear. In fact, Jallez, who up to this point has been one of Romains' most appealing creations, seems to be slowly turning into an intellectual prig. Perhaps it's only a phase. Romains is too wise a bird to let one of his main characters get out of hand.

In general you come to feel that the author is having trouble in starting with this postwar section of the series. There are a great many threads to tie up, a whole new atmosphere to project, perhaps even a new tempo to establish. The volume seems uncertain, tentative, but once Romains gets up steam, I think, its sequels will not disappoint us. I'm convinced that when "Men of Good Will" at last reaches its appointed end we will see in it a coherence of parts and a unity of conception which are as yet only half apparent.

"AN ACTOR'S DAUGHTER," by Aline Bernstein, is permeated with warm memories of the New York of forty years ago, with the smell of good food, with the noisy echoes of good talk, with an almost steamy atmosphere of the stage and late hours and family intrigues and quarrels. The author's father was a notable actor around the beginning of the century, a vivid figure, but no less vivid than her sad, bad, mad Aunt Rachel or than herself—the little, wide-eyed girl in whom shrewdness and a sense of beauty were already intermingled. Mrs. Bernstein recreates the period with quick strokes, like stitches, almost as if she were sewing rather than writing. Her account of her childhood



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has no "importance," but it has charm, which is rarer. —Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Royal William, by Doris Leslie. A novelized, Stracheyesque biography of King William IV of England, which begins when he is sent off to sea at the age of fifteen and ends with the household at Kensington being awakened so that the young Victoria may be told she is Queen. William, according to this account and in spite of the fact that his father was mad and three of his brothers were hopeless rakes, is a rather nice fellow, kindhearted, well intentioned, and not unintelligent.

People of the Valley, by Frank Waters. A warmly colloquial novel of the Southwest and the simple farmers, part Spanish, part Indian, who live there. The chief character is an aged herb woman, experienced and wise, to whom the people turn when they are in trouble. The mysterious government wants to build a dam in the valley to control the floods. Only the old woman knows that the dam means the loss of their lands, and she finds a way out for them.

Mountain Meadow, by John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir), with an introduction by Howard Swiggett. Readers of the late John Buchan's earlier adventure novels will be familiar with the group of Englishmen who figure in them—Roylance, Hannay, Clanroyden, Lamancha, and Leithen. The new book is Leithen's last adventure—his search, while he is dying of tuberculosis, for a French-American millionaire lost in the Canadian wilderness. Mr. Swiggett's appreciative comments are an excellent introduction to the whole series.

The Closed Door, by Ronald MacDonald Douglas. The story of a young Scottish girl, her poverty-stricken childhood, her ill-treatment by a fanatical grandfather, her life in an insane asylum, and her fortunate escape. A tale of inhumanity and stupidity and courageous pertinacity, simply and affectingly told.

Aunt Elsa, by E. G. Pinkham. Mild story of an old lady who created an inner imaginative life for herself. Has some tart New England humor, and that's about all.

Short Days Ago, by Renée Brand. The plight of a group of German refugees somewhere in the no man's land between the German frontier and safety. The atmosphere of horror and fear is well conveyed, but the story is too abstractly and impersonally handled to be really effective.

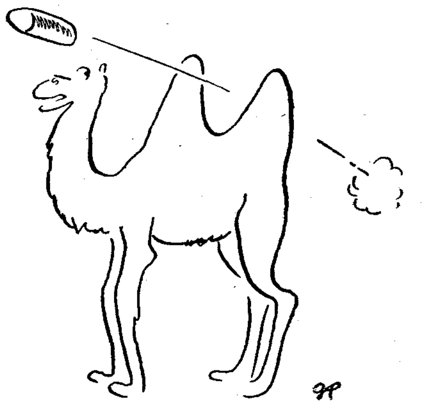
Always the Land, by Paul Engle. Mr. Engle's first try at fiction, a hearty Iowa farm novel in which the emphasis is on horses. The main characters are an old patriarch whose legs are paralyzed but who can still crack whips, literally and figuratively, over his family; his grandson, who wants to accept a government loan for the farm; and a little old man, once a jockey, who knows all about horses. Capably done.

GENERAL

Whittling Boy, by Roger Burlingame. Spirited, and first, biography of that Yankee of Yankees, Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts farm boy who did indeed invent the cotton gin but whose greater contribution to American development was the idea of using interchangeable parts in manufactured products, which made mass production possible. Rather forced here and there, but an excellent story, told with dramatic economy and set before a background of the first years of the blossoming Republic. You'll probably like this even if you're not a mechanical genius. Illustrated by Warren Chappell.

America Is Worth Saving, by Theodore Dreiser. The author of "An American Tragedy" writes that we are being rushed into war because the monopoly system cannot solve the problems of peace; that we are having a "transatlantic love affair" with Britain, which he says is not a democracy but a ruthless imperial power; and that we have a chance for democracy here under the Constitution and must achieve it by breaking up the monopolies or placing them under social control. A bitterly sincere but loose-minded Leftist analysis, written in the author's now-familiar substitute for the English language.

Retreat from Dunkirk, by Doug-



las Williams. Trenchant eyewitness accounts of skirmishes, escapes, and last-ditch stands by the British Expeditionary Force before and during the withdrawal from France, taken from the reports of unit commanders and others by the author, who is the war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Foreword by General Lord Gort. Maps.

VERSAILLES TWENTY YEARS AFTER, by Paul Birdsall. Detailed, scholarly reappraisal of the diplomatic factors, especially the conflict between "reactionary nationalism" and a new world order, in the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. The author, who is a professor of history at Williams College, believes that on the whole Wilson did a good job and that British victory will mean beginning again just about where the League of Nations left off. Bibliography.

WAR LETTERS FROM BRITAIN, edited by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Roger W. Straus, Jr. Letters from British housewives, soldiers, clergymen, air pilots, businessmen, children, seamen, and celebrities, plus an American or two, written between September, 1939, and December, 1940. The plain, curiously homogeneous record of a nation's quiet and hard-working heroism under fire. Some of the letters are reprinted from American publications. Foreword by Vincent Sheean.

JOHNSON WITHOUT BOSWELL, edited by Hugh Kingsmill. Fascinating piece of literary patchwork. Never consulting James Boswell's celebrated work, the editor assembles a coherent, intimate biography of Dr. Samuel Johnson out of the notes and letters of such contemporaries as Mrs. Thrale, David Garrick, Fanny Burney, and Gilbert Stuart, and does not exclude those of the good Doctor himself.

CANNIBALS AND ORCHIDS, by Leona Miller. A New Yorker who accompanied her husband on a motion-picture expedition into the cannibal country of Dutch New Guinea tells us about pygmies, flying foxes, snake-birds, and the home life of the head-hunters. She is also refreshingly explicit about the troubles of an amateur explorer. Some new material. Good photographs and a map.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND, by Donald A. Stauffer. A learned, long, lively account of the golden age of English biography. Besides his omnivorous scholarship, Mr. Stauffer pos-

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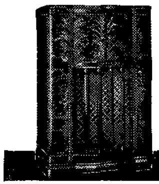

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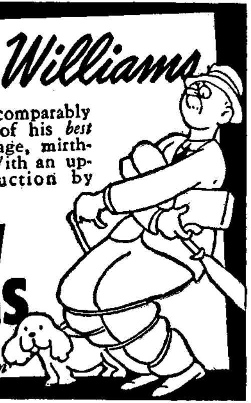

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sesses both taste and a set of critical principles. A second volume is taken up by a bibliographical supplement.

THE VANDERBILT LEGEND, by Wayne Andrews. Group biography of the Vanderbilt family from 1794 to 1940, with detailed attention to Commodore Vanderbilt's business coups (some new data here). Pithy and ironic social history in the Matthew Josephson style. Parts of the book have appeared in *Town & Country*. Photographs and appendices.

THE ARTS AND MAN, by Raymond S. Stites. Painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, music, and a survey of their political and social backgrounds in the major epochs from about 25000 B.C. to the present—clearly too much for one man to attempt. Mr. Stites does his best, however, and though the book staggers here and there under the weight of research, it's a readable, honest job. Good, too, for general reference.

PORTINARI, HIS LIFE AND ART, with an introduction by Rockwell Kent. Very little of the life but a great deal of the art (a hundred full-page reproductions, several in full color) of the Brazilian painter whose show last year at the Museum of Modern Art brought him to North American attention.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DAGGER OF THE MIND, by Kenneth Fearing. A strange sort of murder mystery, and completely psychological. How Captain Wessex of the New York State Police ever manages to solve it is the most mysterious thing of all. The scene is an artists' colony and the story is morbidly interesting, but you may not like following the murderer, as the author does, all the way to the chair.

IF A BODY, by George Worthing Yates. Hazlitt George Brendan Woar, ex-inspector of Scotland Yard, wanted for deportation by the Feds because he's overstayed his visitor's permit, hushes up a murder in an Ohio tourist camp but follows the suspects from town to town until he nabs the murderer in California. No monotonous police investigations and plenty of changes of scenery make this one an ace.

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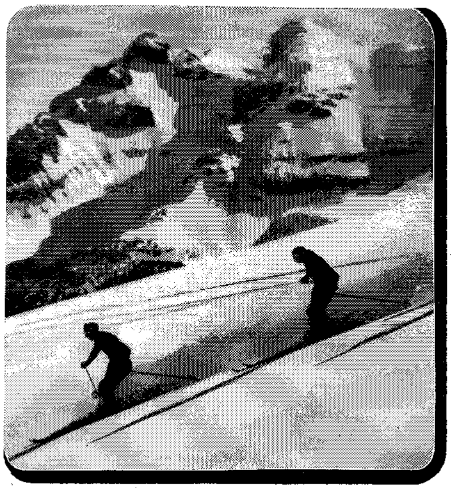

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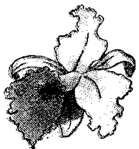

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